

*Covering
Communist
Countries*

DATE LINE

OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA—1965





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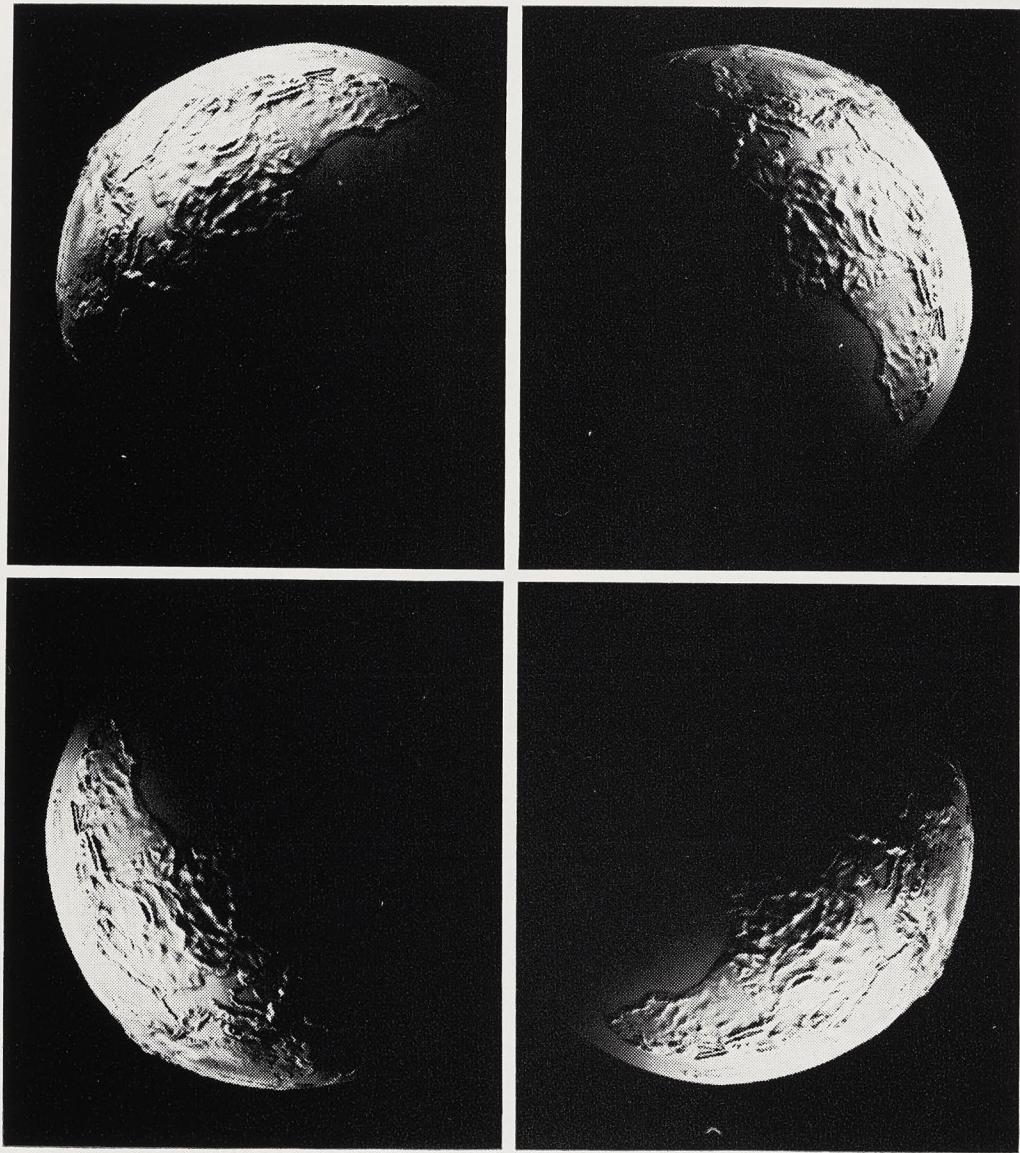
Cover and Special Feature

With passport and Soviet visa in hand, you are on your way toward accreditation as a foreign correspondent in Moscow. For an accounting of what it is like to report and live in Russia—and in other countries behind the Iron Curtain—see "Covering Communist Countries" beginning on page 20.



Cover design by Grant Compton

TELLING ALL SIDES OF THIS STORY

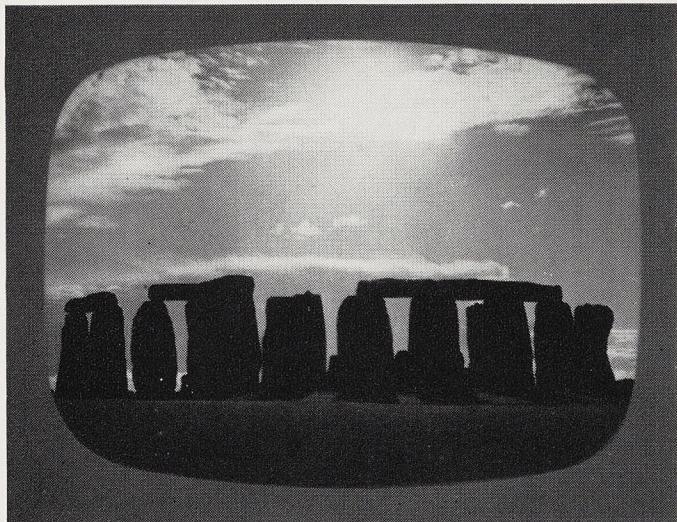


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(THE NEW YORK TIMES)



“It (‘Some Friends of Winston Churchill’) was an hour CBS could be proud of amid several fine TV memorials to the British leader.”

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The news staffs of the many ABC affiliates give ABC expert, on-the-spot coverage in every corner of the country.

ABC's Southeast Asia Correspondent, Charles Arnot, has his driver sleep in his car so he can get a jump on the news. Moscow Correspondent Sam Jaffe scooped the entire American press force on the Khrushchev "retirement." Washington Correspondent John Scali was practically a member of the State Department in his role as go-between during the Cuban missile crisis.

It's easy to see why ABC News has earned the respect and admiration of members of the working press and television critics alike.

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OPC/DATELINE DIARY

'You were such charming people'

This was the year when the memories of World War II were 20 years old. For a lot of OPCers, it was the Year of the Reunion, a time to reminisce, a time to celebrate.

They did plenty of both. In Washington, OPC remembered D-Day by reuniting war correspondents and some of the brass they covered, among them Gen. Matthew Ridgway, Lt. Gen. Lawton "Lightnin' Joe" Collins. In Normandy, a plane load of correspondents revisited the beachhead and paid ceremonial tribute to D-Day dead.

Then, in August, came the OPC's Liberation of Paris Reunion. Everyone could remember, but no one could agree who was "first" into the French capital that day.

The Ninth Army Press Camp Reunion came soon afterward, recalling the fantastic surrender of 20,000 Germans to a 24-man American platoon near the Loire River.

Among the party-goers was an old enemy, General der Panzerarmee Baron von Manteufel, who had played a villain in the Battle of the Bulge. Mellowed by 20 years, he told correspondents, "I had no idea you were such charming people."

Heroes of the Bulge came later, among them Gen. Anthony McAuliffe and Gen. Omar Bradley, to help OPC commemorate that fateful battle in December.

Emotions, exotica, and the eminent

The OPC had its usual quota of newsmaking events.

Most volatile, perhaps, was a Club luncheon for the controversial play, *The Deputy*, which indict Pope Pius XII for staying his hand while Nazi death camps devoured millions.

The luncheon turned into an emotional shouting match between author Rolf Hochhuth, the show's producer, Herman Shumlin, and Msgr. John M. Oesterreicher, a Catholic priest. The shouting and Shumlin's threats to walk out so rattled Hochhuth's translator that she began translating the exchange back into German for the audience.

At an OPC Book Night for William Kunstler's *The Minister and the Choir Singer* about the Hall-Mills murder case, a chance remark by Dorothy Kilgallen turned out to be partially responsible for the later release of Dr. Sam Sheppard.

Miss Kilgallen recalled that before the trial the judge who was to preside assured her it was "an open-and-shut case." Lee Bailey, Sheppard's attorney who was on hand for the OPC discussion, later used the Kilgallen recollection in his claim of



The American-born Queen of Sikkim talks about Asia and the Abominable Snowman

prejudice that set Sheppard free, at least temporarily.

OPC, which had been host the year before to Mme. Nhu, again had its share of exotica. This time it was the former Hope Cooke, Queen (the experts say she's really a majaranee) of Sikkim, and her royal husband. With Himalayan good humor, American-born Hope offered to send the World's Fair that notable citizen of her adopted country, the Abominable Snowman. But Robert Moses, troubled enough, did not snap at the offer.

Meanwhile, the Club's guest book accumulated other impressive names this year. Among them: King Hussein of Jordan, New York Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Sen. Kenneth B. Keating, Brazilian political leader Carlos Lacerda, Republican Platform Chairman Melvin Laird, Surgeon-General Luther Terry, author Gore Vidal, *Saturday Evening Post's* Matthew Culligan, USIA Director Carl Rowan, actor Sir Alec Guinness, Ruby lawyer Melvin Belli, comedian Dick Gregory, Israel Prime Minister Levi Eshkol.

Is it fact—and is it fair?

During the year, OPC gatherings put sharp focus on two continuing professional issues—the "fairness" of election-year coverage and the problem of accurately reporting Vietnam.

At OPC's Freedom of the Press Night in September, newsmen and politicians traded views on bias—if any—in pre-election news handling. From his standpoint, Conservative Keiran O'Doherty claimed, "Over the last nine months we've had an unprecedented campaign of abuse . . ." Said CBS's Walter Cronkite, "We are as nearly simon-pure as the medium can be." Out of the night's exchanges came a CBS special on the subject.

As for Vietnam, *New York Times* correspondent Charles Mohr (formerly of

Time) charged that many official briefings were "deliberately misleading," that reporters were under constant pressure to write the official (Vietnamese and U.S.) view as fact. Mohr spoke at an OPC luncheon in March.

At Thanksgiving, the *Wall Street Journal's* Norman Sklarewitz, in a report from Saigon to the OPC *Bulletin*, had more to add. A newsman, he said, will "get no official command help and, more likely, will find obstacles in his way if he tries to play it straight and ask cooperation on getting in close to the war."

Thirty-nine steps to the big story

Since it just happened to be OPC's 25th Anniversary Year, the Club did the natural thing, and brought forth a book, *I Can Tell It Now*.

Members contributed chapters revealing behind-the-scenes sidelights of big news stories of those 25 years. They ranged from the early stirrings of World War II, in a chapter by former OPC Pres. Louis P. Lochner, to NBC News Chief William R. McAndrew's story on the assassination of Pres. John F. Kennedy and *Columbus Dispatch* Washington Correspondent Jessie Stearns' account of LBJ's settling into the seat of power.

Publication of the book on Nov. 19 brought most of the 39 contributors together for a coming-out party—another reunion, of course.



The owl has a going-away party—with Dr. Charles H. Moore, George E. McCadden, Madeline D. Ross, Barrett McGurn attending

Early-bird addition

Despite tight finances, the OPC Charter Flight to Paris took one non-paying passenger, a copper owl once indigenous to the old *New York Herald*. The *Herald Tribune's* Paris edition staff got the bird (as a mascot). The Club got \$1,350 (profits from the excursion).

The three-foot owl was once one of 20

OPC/DATELINE DIARY

that graced James Gordon Bennett's Venetian "palazzo" at New York's Herald Square. The building has been gone since 1928, but the owls have been down even longer. For 43 years the *Paris Herald*'s bird lay in a basement of New York University. It was resurrected by OPC's George E. McCadden.

The owl had special significance for the elder Bennett. He once told his son, James Gordon, Jr., who was to take over the reins from his father: "Young man, your future career depends on night work on the Herald and eternal vigilance. Bear in mind as long as you live, the owl—the bird of Minerva—should be your fetish, and not the eagle . . ."

The Honor Roll: from Capa to Clay

In a year for memories, OPC paid special tribute to a fallen comrade, D-Day's noted photographer, Robert Capa.

A sculptured bust of Capa, sponsored



October, the name of Jim Burke was added when the *Life* photographer lost his life in an accident while on assignment in India. In November, George Clay's name joined the distinguished roll. Clay, a CBS News reporter who held an OPC Award, died under fire in the Congo.

Further recognition was in store for Clay

by *Life*, was dedicated last Feb. 24 in ceremonies at the Club. The dedication commemorated the 10th anniversary of his death. Capa, who survived countless combat perils in World War II, fell in Indochina a decade ago.

Capa's name is one of 97 now on the OPC's Honor Roll. This year the list grew by two. In

when this year's OPC Awards committees sat. For the distinction of his lifework and the heroism of his death, the judges assigned to him the 1965 George Polk Memorial Award (see page 92).

Advice: 'Challenge the unchallengeable'

As it had for six previous years, the club again was host to the College Editors Conference on World Affairs.

For three days in January, 250 budding editors got much practical advice and, indeed, some inspiration from grayer heads.

John Allen of the *Reader's Digest*, AP's Keith Fuller, CBS's Sheldon Hoffman, and OPC President Barrett McGurn gave talks.

The *New York Times*'s Harrison Salisbury urged them ever to question the old myths. "Challenge," he said, "the unchallengeable." Attorney Louis Nizer and Holmes Brown of the Office of Economic Opportunity were among others who gave substance to the sessions.

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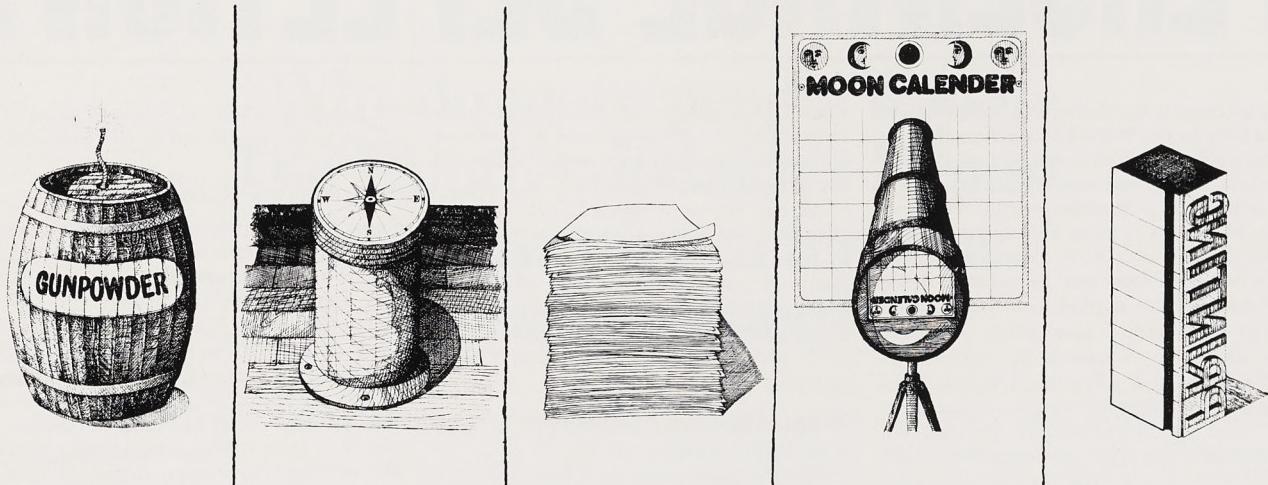
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Darn clever, these Chinese!

They invented gunpowder and the compass. They were the first to manufacture paper. They devised the moon calendar and invented printing. Now, in 1965, they have added this bit of Orient-elligence: A Chinese Edition of **The Reader's Digest** which circulates to more than 50,000 Chinese families in Hong Kong, Taiwan, Malaysia, Thailand and the Philippines. The Chinese edition brings to fourteen the number of languages in which Reader's Digest is published... to thirty the number of basic

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**Reader's
Digest**

WHAT IS PERCENTAGE DEPLETION?

It is an income tax deduction explicitly provided for in the law. It recognizes that an oilman's barrel of oil is his real estate and product rolled into one. When he sells it, he sells away part of his capital. His ordinary income is taxable like anyone's. But if his capital also were taxed, he would soon be out of business. Percentage depletion prevents his capital from being taxed.

The principle of percentage depletion was adopted by Congress in 1926, and it holds for almost *all* extractive industries. About 100 mining categories ranging from sand and gravel to uranium and sulphur operate with varying percentage depletion allowances. The petroleum industry qualifies as one of the 100 because it, like the rest, is essentially a mining activity. Its depletion rate was established at 27.5 percent.

When he files his income tax report, the oilman applies a deduction of 27.5 percent of the gross income from his producing property, but not more than 50 percent of the net income from that property. This is intended to give him a tax deduction for the capital value of his oil.

It is important to remember that percentage depletion does not apply to all of an oilman's income. Only to income from production. Income from sales or refining is not affected.

After careful study, Congress devised a formula to permit the property owner to recover the capital value of his minerals in the ground. And as the cost of discovery and development of the mineral deposit increases, its value also increases. The higher costs resulting from the greater risks and difficulties encountered in discovering a petroleum deposit, and the uncertainty of its quantity, are reflected in a higher percentage value for petroleum. Other minerals, with lower exploration and development costs, and therefore lower values in the ground, receive lower percentages.

How Has the Provision Worked, in Practice?

The percentage depletion provision has been largely responsible for this country's abundant supply of low-cost energy—an abundance that can be tied directly to the United States' amazing economic growth over the last half-century.

Currently, about 75 percent of this nation's energy comes from petroleum and natural gas, and our personal mobility and industrial strength are unmatched any-

where. Our military power, very heavily dependent on petroleum and its products, is recognized as the free world's most telling deterrent to global war.

All this has come about largely because of the success our nation's oilmen have had in their search for petroleum reserves. It has been a search full of risk, and one of the important aspects of the percentage depletion provision is the encouragement it gives oilmen to keep up their search despite the risks.

What About the Industry's Tax Payments?

Under the percentage depletion provision, does the oil industry pay its fair share of the nation's tax burden?

The answer is a definite "yes." The oil industry pays \$2 billion in taxes annually. These are direct taxes, other than taxes on products. The industry pays in taxes, excluding excise and sales taxes, about 5 percent of its gross revenues. The percentage for all manufacturing and mining is the same. Oil bears its full share of the tax burden.

If excise and sales taxes are included in the oil industry's tax bill, the figure grows by another \$6 billion, or 17 percent of gross revenue. That would make a total amount equivalent to 22 percent of gross revenue going to government for taxes.

How About Oil Industry Profits?

The oil industry's profits are not excessive. Its average rate of return on net assets from 1954 to 1963 was 11.9 percent. The 10-year average rate of return for all manufacturing industries was 11.8 percent. In 1963, 16 major industries were more profitable than oil. Oil clearly does not make runaway profits.

And Prices?

In the period 1954-63, the retail price of gasoline, exclusive of excise taxes, dropped 6.7 percent while the consumer price index rose 14 percent and the purchasing power of the motorist's dollar fell by 42 percent.

In 1963 the national average gasoline price to the motorist was 20.1 cents a gallon (or about half the price of a gallon of distilled water in a supermarket). This was the price without excise taxes. In 1926, the year the 27.5 percent depletion provision was written into law, the price of gasoline was 21 cents. So, since 1926 gasoline prices actually have come down from 21 to

20.1 cents a gallon. And today's gasoline is about twice as efficient as the fuel sold in the '20s.

Is the 27.5% Rate Too High?

Some critics of percentage depletion admit it may be all right in principle, but argue that the 27.5 percent rate is too high. Here, too, facts provide an answer.

Percentage depletion is intended to return, as a tax deduction, the *value* of the oil. But if you take oil at \$3 a barrel today and apply the 27.5 percent depletion rate, you get 82.5 cents. In practice, because of the 50 percent limitation on net income, the average percentage depletion rate is somewhat lower than 27.5 percent. You cannot negotiate today to buy oil in the ground at 82.5 cents a barrel. The price is more like a dollar and a quarter. The depletion rate is not too high. Actually it is too low.

Percentage Depletion Has Done a Good Job

After nearly 40 years, the 27.5 percent depletion provision is so much a part of the oil industry and bears so directly on oil's service to its customers (which includes virtually all other industries) that any significant change in its basic fabric would cause serious economic dislocations. First, there would be less exploration—the unfortunate decline in the essential exploration and development phases of the oil industry would be accelerated. Second, prices would go up. People would have to pay more (some estimates are as much as five cents a gallon) for gasoline.

The facts show the oil industry pays its fair share of taxes, that its profits are not excessive, that gasoline prices are fair and indeed have declined in relation to other commodities, and that it badly needs an incentive for exploration and development.

Percentage depletion has encouraged the search for oil. It has stimulated our economic growth. It has helped give us an abundant supply of low-cost energy. It has strengthened the free world's security.

For a more complete account of percentage depletion, send for Texaco's new booklet. Write: Public Relations Division, Texaco Inc., 135 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.



Why do more people watch The Huntley-Brinkley Report than any other television news program?

On the surface, there's no ready answer.

True, Chet Huntley is a careful, articulate reporter. He's unusually well-informed, a sound analyst of issues and events, and he brings a depth of experience to his job. But other networks have qualified newsmen, too.

True, David Brinkley has a perceptive eye and a searching mind. He also has an engaging writing style and delivery that bring each day's happenings into sharp focus. But other newsmen have some of these characteristics.

Huntley and Brinkley are only a partial answer.

Nor is the whole answer in the scope and resources of NBC News, the largest of all broadcast news organizations. After all, the other network companies have competent staffs, well-placed bureaus and reliable sources, too.

Yet, one fact is clear. By every available yardstick of national audience measurement, more people do watch the five-night-a-week Huntley-Brinkley Report than any other network news program. What, then, is the reason for its consistent leadership?

We believe it to be a singular determination to report the news and its significance fully and fairly—not merely so that it be understood, but so that it cannot be misunderstood.

It begins with broadcasting's most news-minded



administration. It flows through all levels of the NBC Television Network and NBC News.

It characterizes the enterprising teams that support the on-the-air efforts of Huntley and Brinkley and such frequently contributing NBC correspondents as John Chancellor at the White House, Frank Bourgholtzer in Moscow, and Dean Brelis reporting from the Middle East.

And this determination is reflected in performance on the Huntley-Brinkley Report, performance which conveys to the

viewer more information, a greater depth of analysis, and a keener sense of the world around him. As one viewer put it, "I just feel that when I watch Huntley and Brinkley, I've got a better idea of what's going on."

Resolution and resources, purpose and people create a news program that uniquely serves the needs and interests of television viewers across the nation.

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young lady, next time you send the boss away to Europe...



Remember the little things. And plan accordingly.

Sometimes, they make all the difference in the world.

Like having connections and reservations all work out the way you always hope they will. (At Alitalia Jetports in New York, Chicago, Boston, Montreal.)

Like the superb cuisine aboard Alitalia Jets. And a stewardess that smiles at him with a genuine smile.

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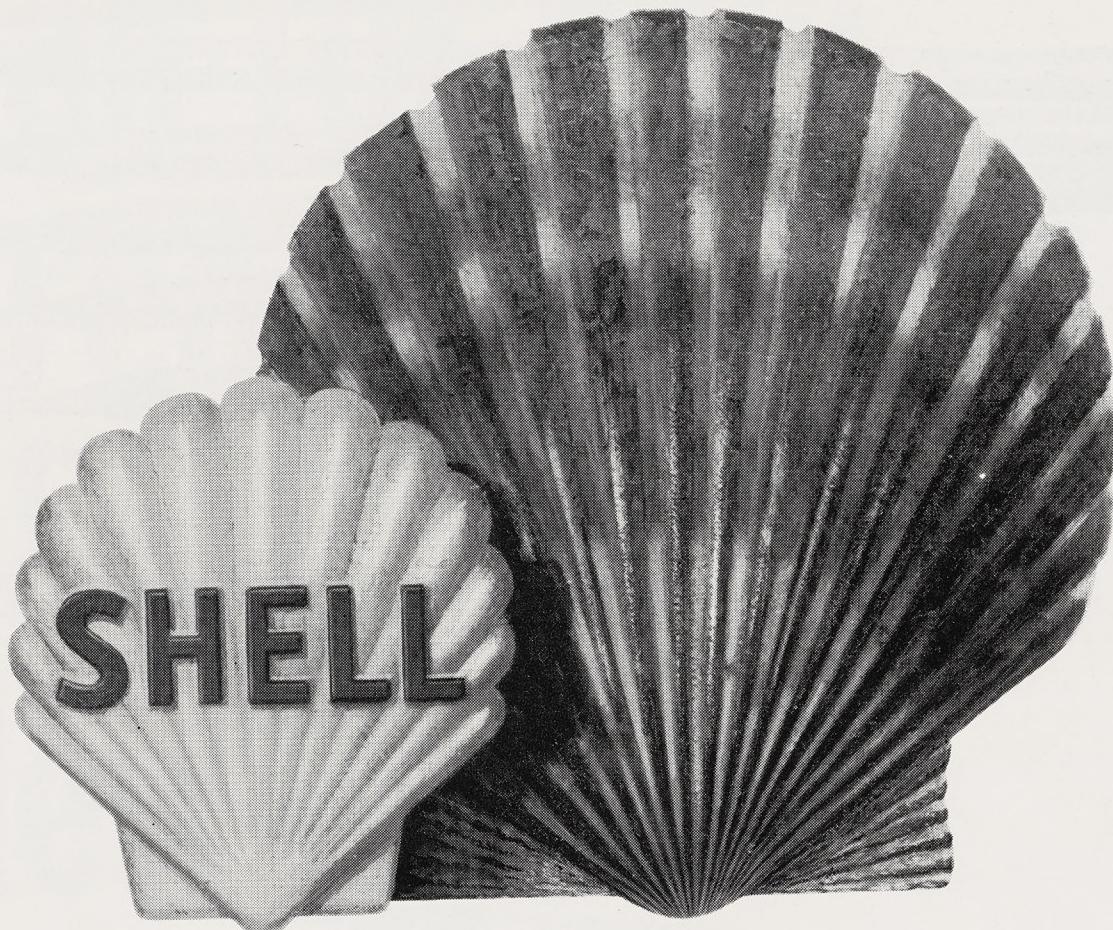


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COVERING THE

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

Sixteen years elapsed between the Bolshevik coup d'état in Petrograd on Nov. 7, 1917, and the American establishment of diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia.

By coincidence, almost another 16 years have passed since the Communist regime in Peking proclaimed itself into power on Sept. 21, 1949.

These two events, wide apart in time but closely linked in history, afford a unique opportunity to note the extraordinary difference in Western press coverage of the two Communist regimes.

At the time of the Bolshevik revolution there were a number of American correspondents on the scene—among them, the notable John Reed, not long out of Harvard and an eyewitness and participant in many of the most dramatic episodes of the revolution.

In the decade that followed many of the most distinguished American correspondents reported from Russia—Walter Duranty, Louis Fischer, Max Eastman, William Henry Chamberlin, Eugene Lyons, Isaac Don Levine, H. R. Knickerbocker, and dozens of others. They were men of diverse viewpoints, but they shared one thing in common. They were on the scene in Moscow. They traveled through the country. They spoke to the leaders. They made friends with the people.

No American during that period need have been in doubt as to the general progress of events in the Soviet Union. Evaluations may have differed, but there was little trouble getting at the relevant facts.

Many factors played a role in this. Censorship was light and erratic. Especially during the years before Lenin's death, Americans managed to see much of the top Bolsheviks—Lenin himself, Bukharin, Zinoviev, Karl

Radek, Trotsky, and many, many more. Travel was not restricted. Contacts with Soviet citizens were free and easy—especially by comparison with later days.

The Russians, generally speaking, were eager to tell their story. Not only were there many correspondents in Soviet Russia; there was also a constant stream of businessmen, both American and European. Thousands of foreign technicians worked on the country's great construction projects. Foreign concessions operated until the late 1920s, and tourists by the thousands visited Russia with a freedom which was not to be matched two or three decades later.

All of this occurred in a period when the United States and Soviet Russia did *not* enjoy diplomatic relations. Indeed, it has often been noted since that the Soviet-American trade and contacts carried on before diplomatic recognition were never equalled after recognition.

The accessibility to information about Russia differed on almost every count from the record vis-à-vis Communist China. American correspondents were compelled to leave the Communist-held portions of China when Mao Tse-tung took over. Almost immediately free access to Communist China was barred by the Peking government. Not only were correspondents banned; virtually all other Americans and most other foreigners were expelled from the country. An Iron Curtain more effective than any ever devised by Moscow was clamped down around China.

With the onset of the Korean war, the situation became even more difficult. On both the American and the Chinese sides, virtual wartime restrictions were imposed. The Korean War has long since subsided into an uneasy but continued truce, but the wartime restrictions go on.

For years Washington and Peking have acted out a kind of crude minuet as far as the press is concerned. First, the State Dept. refused to let U.S. correspondents go to China, although the Chinese flung open their door. Then the State Dept. withdrew its objections, but the Chinese promptly slammed the door. This might all be chalked up as diplomatic nonsense, were its effects not so serious.

It may fairly be said that the American public today is

COMMUNISTS



excellently informed as to events in the Communist world within the Russian orbit. American correspondents operate without great difficulty in Moscow. They visit and report regularly in all of the countries of Eastern Europe—except Albania. They even penetrate as far east as Mongolia.

But China, the second great Communist oligarch, is still a closed book—a dangerously closed book in an age of nuclear weapons and pushbutton warfare. Americans have not been able to view the development of China's Communism at first hand, and they have only the vaguest notions of what is going on within the hermetically sealed world. Not only do our correspondents not visit China; our businessmen do not go there. Our tourists are not permitted in. Cultural attractions are forbidden. The wall is as high as it ever was before the British blasted open China's ports in the Opium War of 1840.

It is a two-way danger. The Chinese are equally uninformed as to the realities of America or Americans. They get only the vilest kind of crude propaganda picture, compounded of ingredients calculated to stimulate hatred and passion.

In this situation, have American newspapers, magazines, and broadcasting facilities exercised full responsibility in attempting to bring to us the picture of Communist China?

It does not seem to me that the answer can be an unqualified yes. Difficult as the task is, there are sources which can be tapped. A large observation and intelligence community has grown up in Hong Kong on the doorstep

of China. These specialists devote full time to observing and analyzing events on the mainland. The information is second-hand, but much of it is good. With the exception of a handful of U.S. press media, most of this information goes into government files. It is not utilized to fill the gaps in the picture which the American public receives.

There is other information available. The Chinese do not bar correspondents of all countries. They do permit Reuters and *Agence France-Presse* to maintain correspondents in Peking. They frequently give visas to correspondents for French, Canadian, German, Swiss, or Italian publications. The reports of these writers are of very mixed quality. Some are very good; many of them are indifferent. But only a small percentage of these reports find their way into U.S. newspapers, and much more could be done to utilize this material.

From time to time the Chinese receive delegations from various countries, usually in the course of some diplomatic maneuvers. They have in recent years paid particular attention to the Japanese, who are among the most astute observers of the China scene. Newsmen and businessmen from Japan maintain active and continuing contacts with China, and they know China more closely than any Europeans ever can be expected to know it. Their reports are extremely valuable. But they are virtually ignored in the Western press, except for an occasional interview with Chou En-lai or Chen-Yi.

There are other sources of information: Asian delegations, Asian journalists, Asian businessmen. These go almost unperceived by the U.S. press. Many visitors go to

China from Latin America. The Chinese are in the midst of an enormous propaganda campaign to influence Latin America. But rarely indeed do reporters of the American press talk to Latin Americans who have been to China.

American intelligence from China is not too bad. The CIA accurately predicted the Chinese atomic explosion last October. They spotted the nuclear facilities long ahead of time, and there was no surprise in intelligence quarters when the test finally came off. But to the American public it was a surprise. The public had not been prepared by consistent, thorough press reporting on China's development of technological and industrial facilities capable of producing the atomic test. This was a clear failure of the U.S. media in an important area of responsibility.

Stress has been put on the situation with respect to news from Communist China, because Communist China is slowly but surely emerging as the principal problem on the world's agenda for the next century. It is the most vigorously developing segment of the Communist world, the area with the greatest dynamic thrust and aggressive capability. It is the world's No. 1 headache.

This is not to say that we cannot do with more and better reporting from all Communist areas. The fragmentation of the Communist world with its cross-currents and deviations makes it more complex than ever before. It is no longer possible now to cover the Communist world from Moscow. The Kremlin can no longer speak with certainty for Warsaw, Budapest, Bucharest, Prague, or Sofia. And certainly it cannot speak for Tirana.

These cross-currents and China's emergence as a first-



Harrison E. Salisbury, 56, started covering the Communist world when he went to Moscow for United Press in 1944. From 1949 to 1954, he was the New York Times correspondent in Moscow. He has written many articles and several books dealing with Soviet affairs. In 1955 Salisbury won a Pulitzer Prize. He has been assistant managing editor of the Times since last September.

class power place an enormous responsibility on the U.S. press. But it is not beyond its ability. Transformation of the Communist world means that we require greater sophistication in reporting, more thorough training of correspondents, and the development of larger staffs of analysts. This is most true in the China area, where almost every American communications medium is weak because of the long hiatus in direct China coverage.

As the situation stands today, more rather than less effort must be made to interpret the Communist world—not because the Moscow threat has grown stronger, but because with its weakening there have emerged other tendencies which are more difficult to evaluate and potentially even more threatening.

Communist Chinese Checkers

The rules of the game . . .

Since August, 1957, the United States has been endeavoring to obtain Chinese Communist agreement to the entry of American newsmen into Communist China. On August 22 of that year we unilaterally undertook to validate the passports of American correspondents for travel in Communist China . . .

All subsequent attempts by the United States—and they have been many and have reflected great effort on our part—to resolve the issue over newsmen have encountered the argument that progress on this issue will be possible only when "the principal question between the Chinese People's Republic and the United States" has been resolved through United States withdrawal of support from the Republic of China, or—more generally—when the United States has ended its "policy of hostility" toward the Chinese Communists . . .

Although we are constantly exploring possible new avenues for the attainment of our objective, to which we attach great importance, we are forced to conclude that the Chinese Communists simply do not want an exchange of news correspondents at this time. Our present policy permits the issuance of passports valid for travel to Communist China to authorized news correspondents, and although over 40 American correspondents have such passports, only two correspondents have ever been issued visas by the Chinese Communists. —**Lindsey Grant, Director, Office of Asian Communist Affairs, Dept. of State**

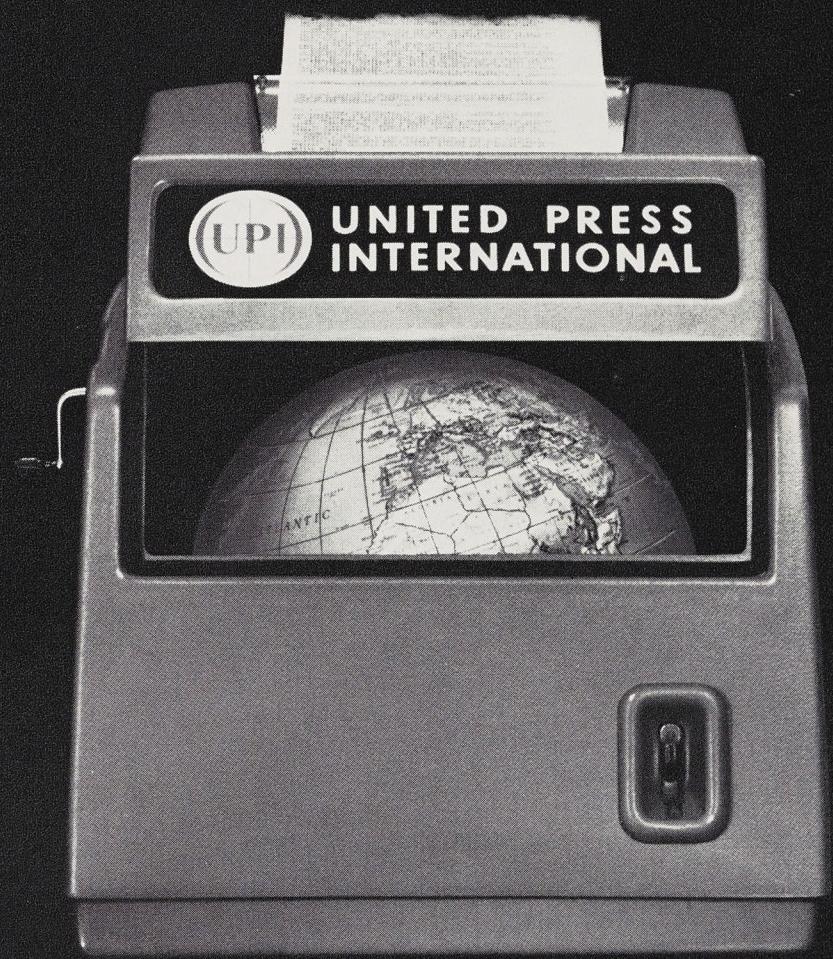
. . . and a plea

Mainland China has a fourth of the world's population and is certain to have a capital influence on events of the future. The State Dept., as we know from our friends there, has made repeated efforts to open the way for adequate American news coverage of Asia's giant.

We are sure that we speak for foreign correspondents everywhere when we urge both the State Dept. and the government of mainland China to reopen bogged-down discussions in order to get reporters into China both for short trips and for duty on a resident basis.

Open channels of information between countries can hurt no one—in fact, will help everyone. The experience of American and other Western correspondents in Moscow is proof of this. There is now a real need worldwide to open the channels into Peking as well.

—**Barrett McGurn, President, Overseas Press Club of America**



Covers the world



Chinese suspicion of the West intensifies problems of the newsman trying to discover the realities of Communist rule. Only three Western reporters now work inside China.

CHINA: THE GREATEST STORY NEVER TOLD

BY MARVIN KALB

Begin with one simple hypothesis: Communist China is a major news story, and yet it is not being covered by the American press.

There are many reasons, no one of which could properly be called more important than another. For years, editors, who are still enamored of World War II deadlines—Washington, Moscow, Paris, London, Berlin, Rome—have rarely given China a second thought. The only exceptions come when her pupils in insurrection—the Vietcong in South Vietnam, the Viet Minh in North Vietnam, and the Pathet Lao in Laos—blow up American billets in unpronounceable villages, or strike at American ships in the Gulf of Tonkin.

Reporters develop an uncanny sensitivity to what their editors think is news, and they have generally been ignoring China, in pursuit of more headline-catching stories. And the U.S. government contributes to a mood of national aloofness from mainland China by clinging to the fading glamor and toughness of the Formosan Chiangs, and by catering to the lingering but probably exaggerated prejudices of American politics.

Of course, the most immediate reason is that there are no American reporters in Communist China, despite the fact that recently the State Dept. validated the passports of about 50 of them for travel to Peking. The trouble is, however, Peking will grant none of them entry visas.

Occasionally, the Chinese permit an old friend, such as Edgar Snow, to come to Peking for limited periods of time. But, as a matter of national policy, they refuse to

Marvin Kalb, 35, is diplomatic correspondent in Washington for CBS News, concentrating on East-West relations. He traveled extensively in Asia as writer-reporter for the recent CBS Reports show, "The U.S. and the Two Chinas."

China no longer depends on the Great Wall to repel foreigners, but U.S. journalists are kept out just as effectively by political disagreements.



allow the average newsman to cover their country. It has not always been this way.

In the summer of 1956, soon after the U.S. and Communist China agreed to hold periodic conferences in Warsaw between their two ambassadors (over 120 of these have already taken place), the Chinese invited a selected group of American reporters to come to Peking. But the State Dept. refused at that time to validate their passports, claiming that until the Peking regime released all American prisoners from the Korean War, an improvement in relations between the two countries would be impossible. Later that year, the Chinese proposed a formal agreement on an exchange of journalists; but the State Dept. turned down the proposal, again citing the American prisoners as the major obstacle.

The issue remained deadlocked until 1960, when, for entirely different reasons, the positions of the two governments changed. Ever since February, 1960, the State Dept. has been pressing the Chinese for an exchange of journalists, but the Chinese have flatly rejected this idea, claiming that until the U.S. relinquishes Taiwan, no improvement in relations is possible.

In other words, the Chinese are now in the position of citing fundamental differences between the two governments as the major obstacle to an exchange of journalists—the same position the U.S. occupied on this question before 1960.

The State Dept. seems in no hurry to change the situation. The Administration is unwilling to tangle with the China question, and prefers to limit itself to stereotyped generalizations about Peking.

There are now only three Western newsmen in China—Virgil Berger of Reuters, Emile Guicovatti of *Agence France-Presse*, and Charles Taylor of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*—and this small journalistic force is unlikely to be bolstered by an American contingent for some time to come. The best Washington guess is that Peking will not permit American reporters into China until an overall settlement of outstanding differences between the two governments appears possible.

Meantime, Berger, Guicovatti, and Taylor work under tough conditions. They are subject to close Communist supervision, although no direct censorship. I believe I am right in saying that none of them can get along without a Chinese interpreter provided by the Peking government to read all Chinese newspapers and magazines, and to serve as guide on infrequent tours of the countryside and all too frequent excursions through the local bureaucracy. With permission they can travel to those areas of China open to foreigners; and, without permission, they can travel anywhere (in theory) within a 25-mile radius of Peking. They are permitted to file an unlimited number of words, and to call Hong Kong and Tokyo. Rates are high; but this does not disturb the Chinese, who want the foreign exchange. Besides, they are not particularly interested in extensive coverage in the Western press—except on rare occasions, such as the one on Oct. 16, 1964, when they detonated their first nuclear device. Then, they even released still pictures of the blast within three days to a waiting world, and a few days after, distributed film of exuberant crowds of Chinese reading press accounts of the blast in extra editions of their papers.

The Chinese in their society and politics are so secretive—so intensely suspicious of the West and lately of

Russia—that Western reporters are deliberately blocked off from the realities of Communist rule. They are shown China with her best foot forward: her finest schools, her brightest students, her shiniest machinery. Occasionally, they catch a glimpse of the other China—the China of backbreaking toil and drudgery. At this point, the struggle between a strong desire to remain in Peking and an equally strong desire to report from Peking begins.

Every journalist who has ever worked in a Communist country knows that these desires are often in conflict, and just as often a compromise between the two may be necessary. For reporting that is too objective, too unmindful of the sensitivities of the Peking bureaucracy may result either in the expulsion of the reporter, or the deliberate denial of all access to sources and stories—which, in some cases, is even a worse fate. The degree of compromise is a deeply personal decision. For some reporters, none is possible; for others, a good deal.

If the Chinese government treats the small fistful of resident foreign reporters with profound suspicion, it welcomes an occasional visiting reporter with open arms. And it benefits from his generally wide-eyed reports about Chinese progress. Robert Guillan, diplomatic correspondent of *Le Monde*, returned to Peking after an absence of 10 long years and found himself marveling at Chinese industry and cleanliness. The group of British and Pakistani journalists who entered China last summer produced glowing stories about economic advances and internal liberalization.

These stories, read against the backdrop of China's nuclear emergence, have whetted the appetite of Americans for more information about Communist China. The China story must be covered.

Even though the Administration feels its interests are best served by remaining aloof from China—which inspires the insurrectionary movements throughout Southeast Asia—it does not follow that it is in the interests of American journalism to ignore the China story.

It can be covered, by an intricate, sophisticated system of remote reporting. Hong Kong is the best place, but it is not the only place. On that beautiful, bustling rock, off the coast of southern China, there are mountains of documents, all translated into English, which provide valuable and fascinating insights into the life and politics of the greatest "closed society" in the world. Thousands of Chinese refugees keep streaming into Hong Kong, many of them bringing fresh, important news from their revolutionary homeland.

Unfortunately, editors back in New York have thus far failed to realize that Hong Kong is a gold mine of information about China, and is easily the best substitute for on-the-spot reporting. They consider Hong Kong a convenient place for changing underwear between planes for Saigon, Jakarta, or Vientiane, or for leaving wives and children while the reporters themselves go racing around the jungles of Kuching or the Plaine des Jarres.

The tragic fallacy in this approach is that by the time reporters return from the jungles, unpack, and begin to dig into the China documents, another group of generals has staged a coup in Laos, another barracks has gone up in smoke near Saigon, another group of Indonesian "volunteers" has landed in Malaysia. The vicious cycle continues. The documents gather dust. China remains "inscrutable."

If the American reporter based in Hong Kong were

able to convince his editor based in New York that he could produce meaningful reports about China, the chances are good that he would be assigned to this unique vantage point for longer stretches. The trouble is, with the best of intentions on both sides, most reporters must interrupt their fresh pursuit of the China story when their editors' cables arrive with new marching orders.

Only a command decision in New York to post a man in Hong Kong specifically to cover China can put to rest the fiction that China is not yet a story.

True, a certain kind of reporter would be necessary, one steeped in the history and culture of China. He is still a rarity, but he does exist. In many ways, he could do the same job on China that other reporters did on Russia before 1953, when Stalin died and that enigmatic country opened up to more on-the-spot reporting.

He could read all the Chinese proclamations, analyze all the sets of statistics, follow all the Chinese leaders around the world in their search for ideological companionship, interview the steady stream of refugees arriving in Hong Kong and Quemoy, and then file his stories. Surely they would provide infinitely more information about the reality of the Chinese revolution than anything we are reading today in our newspapers, or hearing over radio, or seeing on television.

Ironically, this scholar-journalist China-watcher could work effectively out of Washington, too, so long as he is given permission to travel as extensively as he feels it is necessary to cover his story. Lonely and untapped China specialists are sitting in the cubbyholes of the American bureaucracy, and they would be delighted to share their unclassified file with a reporter. Fascinating academic

UPI Photo



Moving back and forth across the border at Hong Kong, Chinese travelers and refugees provide a rich source of information—but few publications take advantage of it.

studies on China are being conducted by Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Stanford, and other universities, and these could be incorporated in magazine and newspaper stories.

It seems a shame, somehow, that the American people must continue to read Taipei-inspired accounts of Peking's reality, when there are opportunities to read well-grounded, unemotional accounts about China, the nation that may soon become America's most formidable diplomatic, military, and political challenge. We know so little about China that this awesome challenge may be staring us in the face right now, and we do not even know it.

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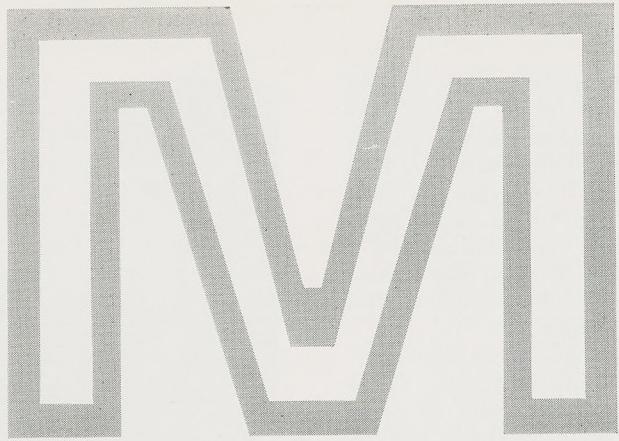
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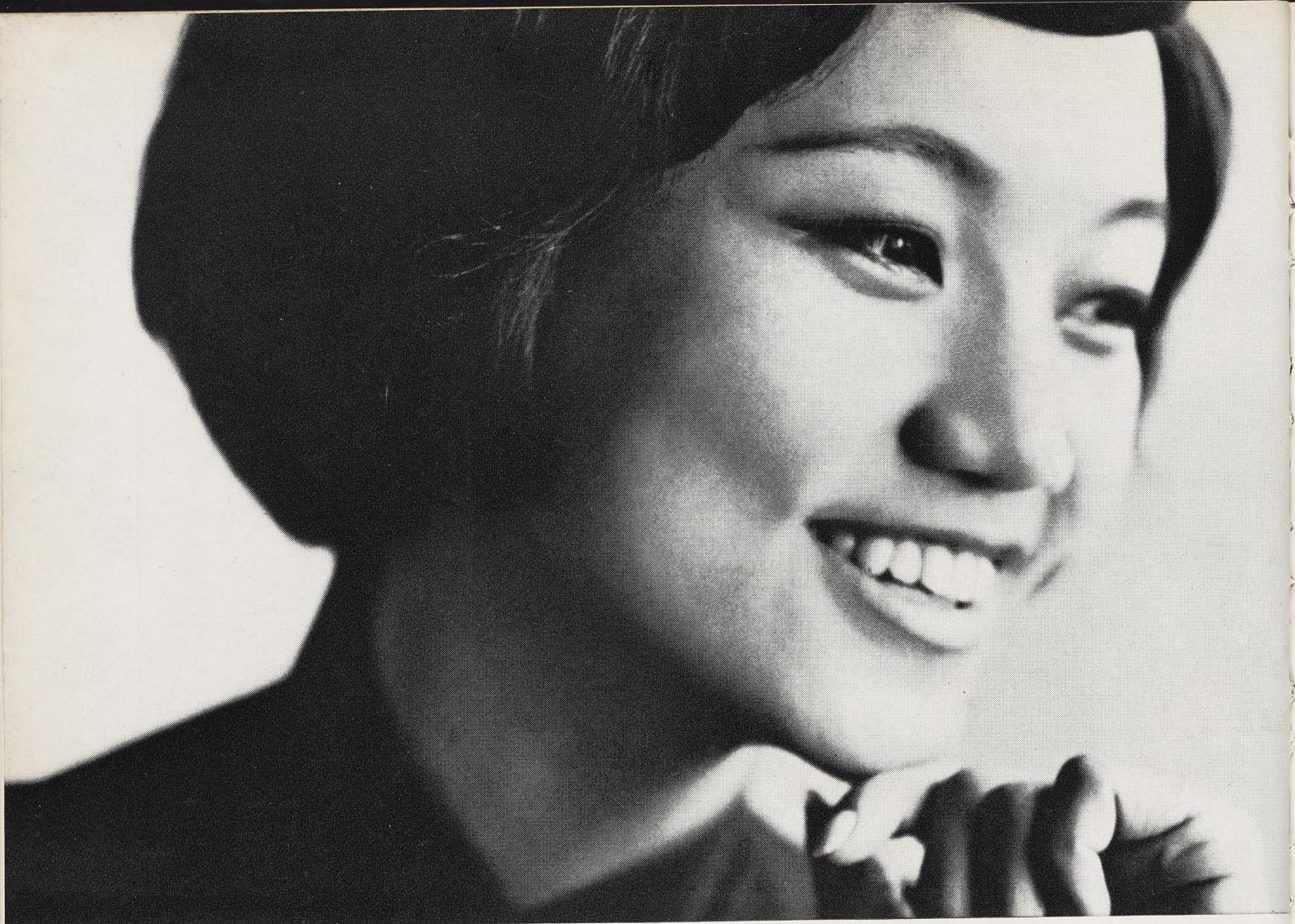
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COVERING THE COMMUNISTS

WHERE COLD WAR IS HOTTEST

VIET NAM

BY FRANCOIS SULLY

It is late Thursday afternoon and Christmas eve in Saigon. Twenty-five sport-shirted newsmen gather informally in the wood-paneled office of USIS Director Barry Zorthian. *New York Times* man Peter Grose, a late-comer to the customary 5 o'clock briefing, perches his compact frame on Barry's paper-cluttered desk and grabs a mimeographed copy of the daily military communiqué. It tells him at a glance that both the Vietnamese army and the guerrillas observe a tacit Christmas ceasefire. Peri-

Francois Sully, 37, went to Indochina in 1945. He took his first reporting job in 1948 for a French magazine, then moved to string for Time, INS, and Newsweek. Expelled by Pres. Diem, he returned as Newsweek correspondent after the fall of Diem in 1963.



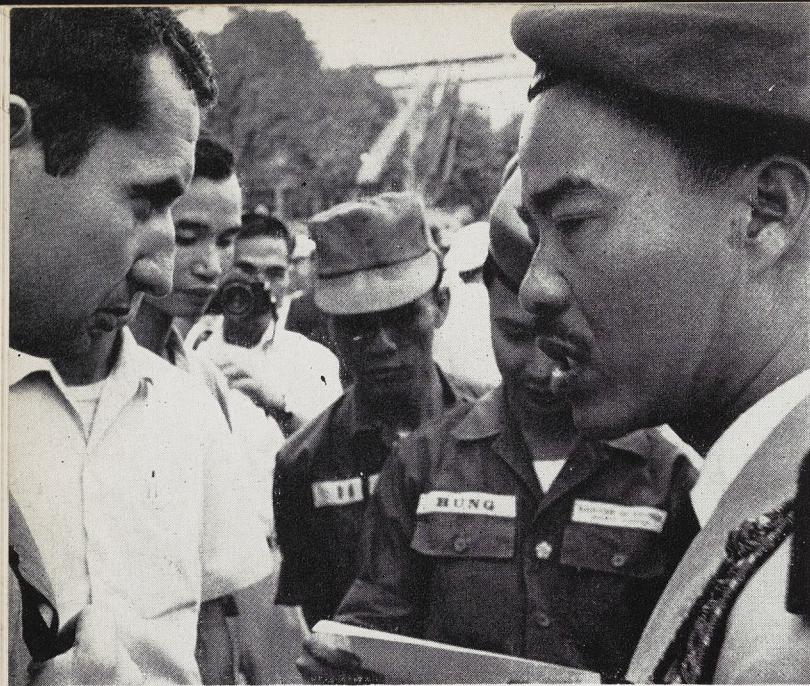
AP Photo

In the Mekong Delta, AP photographer Horst Faas takes a close look at Vietcong guerrilla killed in foxhole.

odically the war fades away quietly for one or two weeks, then resumes suddenly in scattered places from the flat humid Mekong delta to the mountainous Central Highlands. We are obviously in a "quiet cycle." Grose relaxes, pulls out his small notebook, and takes notes as Barry provides a rundown on the day's happenings.

Barry, portly, chain-smoking, slumps on a green leather sofa. He is flanked by Lt. Col. Charles Undercoffer, one of a score of Army PIOs trying to persuade correspondents that the war effort is hitting paydirt because the "kill ratio" between government troops and the Vietcong is up a "percentage point" in favor of the Vietnamese.

Both Barry and Charley are turned toward the window through which newsmen eye the holiday-attired Vietnamese crowd along fashionable Rue Catinat.



After a military celebration, Newsweek's Francois Sully interviews General Thi, First Corps commander.

The war seems remote and unreal—a fiction created by nervous newsmen. Barry delivers a legalistic explanation of the U.S. Embassy's stand in the quarrel between Lt. Gen. Nguyen Khanh and Maj. Gen. Duong Van Minh, former leader of the military junta which deposed the late dictator Ngo Dinh-Diem. (Khanh eventually deposed Minh and sent him on a goodwill mission.)

Barry articulates carefully: "Ambassador Taylor does not support General Minh for the job of Commander-in-Chief or for any other particular of..." The final syllable is lost in a shattering explosion reminiscent of the German blitz. Walls rattle. A window pane near Barry disintegrates. All newsmen leap to their feet, speechless. They share common questions: The downstairs USIS Library has been blown up by a terrorist's bomb. Or maybe it's a surprise Communist air raid on Saigon, or a Vietcong mortar attack. But no, the bang wouldn't have been so loud or so powerful.

Like a man surprised to see himself alive, Barry slowly twists his head: A billowing column of black smoke rises quickly in the late afternoon sky near the Hotel Caravelle.

The newsmen race out. Led by Black Star's James Pickerell (who is still limping from a Vietcong bullet he took in the leg at a Delta war operation), they scramble down the wooden stairs and into the street. It's a wild rush through a panic-stricken crowd, across the rubble-strewn Lam-Son circle, to the Caravelle where CBS, NBC, and ABC television crews speedily assemble their gear and push on down the street toward the flames and the smoke. The chase ends at the Brink billet, bachelor officers' quarters for the U.S. Army.

At the scene young GIs extricate battered jeeps from a tangle of debris. Twenty-five cars have gone up in flames, and the twisted remnants of one, a Rambler, rest on the crushed roof of a blue station wagon. Bleeding men, some with only a bath towel draped around their waists, stagger to safety. A tall officer walks to the street with a surprising calm; he is one of 70 Americans bruised, shocked, or wounded in the 100-room building.



At press briefing in Saigon, correspondents fire away at USIS spokesman Barry Zorthian and McGeorge Bundy.

Ray Hendron of UPI argues angrily with a brawny American MP who refuses to let him through the gate and into the devastated area where cars continue to explode. I sneak through a back entry to the billet but am pushed back. A GI shouts: "Take cover! Looks like there's ammo in these wrecks." The crowd recoils across the small plaza. Black-bereted Vietnamese riot police lug carbines to the scene and cordon it off.

I shoot pictures with my Pentax. But I'm too nervous and miss good human interest shots of wounded wandering around the building. AP photographer Horst Faas, who has seen more combat action than anyone else in Vietnam, gets the best pictures, but at 8:30 p.m. the telephoto circuit from Saigon is bad, and he has to wait until early the next morning to flash them to New York, in time for the Christmas A.M.s. Praise be to Buddha, I get a short urgent account of the day's events through to *Newsweek* without the usual 10-hour delay.

As is often the case in Saigon, correspondents looking for the war may fruitlessly travel several hundred miles and encounter no meaningful fighting, then find it waiting on their own doorstep. Soon, they may even be able to observe and report the fighting from the Caravelle's eighth floor Romeo and Juliette bar, which offers a superb view of the capital.

The day before the spectacular bombing of the Brink, I helICOptered to Duc Hoa, a beleaguered district headquarters only 25 miles southwest of Saigon. It was a chance, I thought, to go on a "live operation" in the field with the troops and to scan the face of those elusive guerrillas who were always striking when and where nobody expected them and then disappearing like ghosts before the Vietnamese army could get at them. This war, it always seemed to me, resembles a game of hide and seek for a correspondent. You never know where your next story is going to flare up, and you never know if you'll get to the scene on time, but your boots must always be ready.

With a little bit of luck, I told myself on the way to Duc Hoa, we'll get there before the end of the action. With another bit of luck I'll come back alive. Who knows?



During Buddhist demonstration outside U.S. Embassy, CBS cameraman Ha Thuc Can and correspondent Murray Fromson record the sights and sounds.

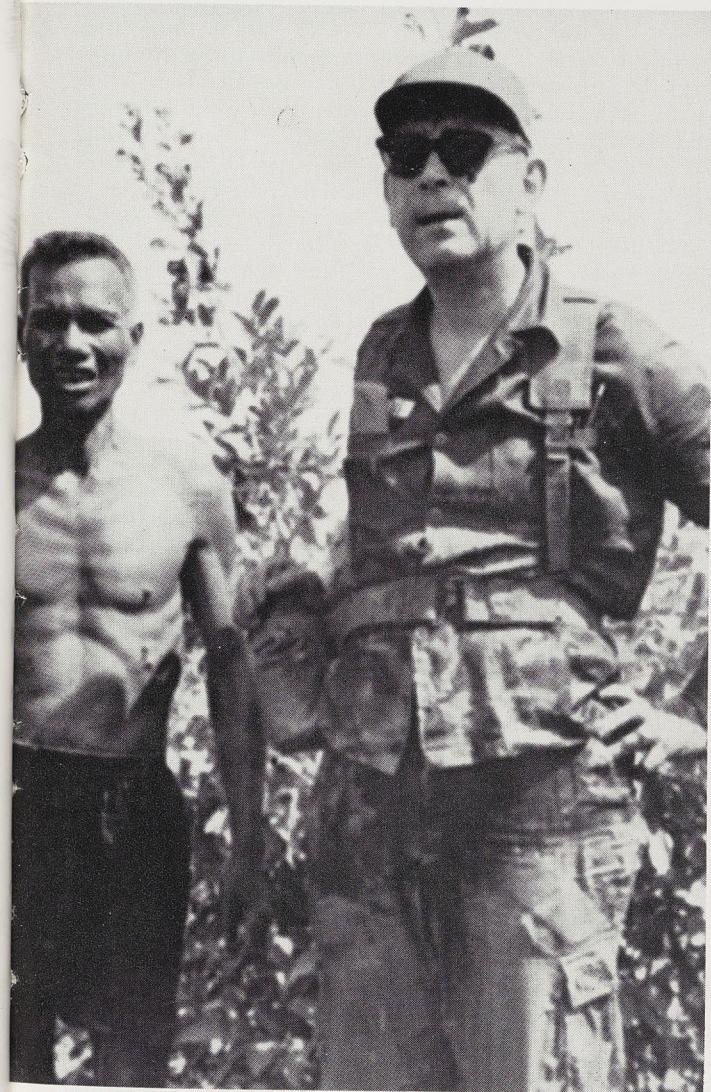
The magazine might even run one of my pictures. I wished we had parachutes on the helicopters. I felt vulnerable, like a duck flying over a Presidential hunt at Rambouillet, right up until we landed on a grassy soccer stadium 20 minutes later.

Duc Hoa was a dusty town filled with troops of the 25th Infantry Division. The ochre-colored walls of the town's buildings still carried traces of recent fighting. Vietnamese children garbed in white were strolling off to school while a column of dusty APCs (Armored Personnel Carriers) whisked down the road. From U.S. advisers we learned that the "Eagle Flight" scheduled for that morning had been postponed. (An "Eagle Flight" is a movement of troops by 10 to 15 helicopters organized into a convoy led by armed "huey" choppers.) There had been no contact with the Vietcong since the night before. In a pagoda crowded with soldiers a Vietnamese major gave us a briefing:

The Vietcong control most of the province, rich in rice and sugar cane. Last night they attacked with concentrated mortar fire and overran a 54-man government outpost along the meandering Vaico Oriental River six miles south of here. The militia manning the post destroyed their own radio, then dispersed to a friendly Catholic village. A reconnaissance company (two Americans and some 80 Vietnamese) has been dispatched by the 25th to rescue the militia and locate the Vietcong. Then an "Eagle Flight" of some 15 helicopters will land troops.

Interesting, sure, but routine stuff in Vietnam where half a dozen Vietcong attacks on outposts occur every night. Sometimes a post resists until dawn when reinforcements arrive. Sometimes the post succumbs after minutes of fighting. You never know whether the ill-trained militiamen will fight like tigers—or defect to the enemy. Unless you are there when a post is seriously attacked, the whole affair hardly rates a 50-word cable.

As we leave the pagoda and walk back to the helicopter pad, a sniper invisible behind a clump of bamboo opens fire. There's nothing else to do but hit the grass—and wait. Seasoned Vietnamese soldiers remain defiantly upright.



UPI Photo

Out where the fighting is, Scripps-Howard's Jim Lucas stands with the Vietnamese soldier who has just rescued him from some treacherous mud in the Mekong Delta.



N.Y. Times Photo

In the New York Times' Saigon office, Seymour Topping, Jack Langguth, and Peter Grose take a breather.

They get a kick out of seeing us crawl so sheepishly for cover in the drainage ditches. Of course, they know this same sniper has been practicing his trade regularly every day for a month without hurting anyone; but I don't.

At last we take off for the outpost to have a look at the damages. The "Eagle" assault has been canceled—they still can't find the Vietcong—so we go alone. Our young GI gunners scrutinize the terrain with suspicion. Tall sugar cane fields offer an ideal cover for the guerrillas. A column of bluish smoke soars toward us from the ruins of the triangular outpost, a flimsy structure of mud parapets and a watchtower built with logs.

With the recon company on the ground is Lt. Vernon Hull. He tells us he has just arrived with his unit and they've already received heavy automatic fire from the other side of the canal. Most of the militia who evacuated the post have been found hiding in nearby farms. But there are some dead under the rubble. Five black-uniformed bodies, some horribly mutilated by mortar explosions, are pulled from their firing emplacements. Their women wail. Small half-naked children wander around watching a dead father or brother being carted off in a blanket. They don't even cry.

It is a sad scene, and it is not enough to make the magazine. But only by going into the field and watching scenes like this can a correspondent get the feel of the war and understand its bitter realities. And learn on his own who is winning and who is losing.

To me, the affair of the Duc Hoa outpost is in itself more significant than spectacular battles where casualties are suffered by the hundreds on both sides. In the end, no meaningful results can be achieved in the key pacification program if the small forts are not there—as a permanent symbol of the government's presence in the countryside. The murder of a loyal village chief by the Vietcong is often more tragic than the loss of an infantry platoon. Without him, no intelligence is available on the guerrillas, and the possibility of destroying them before they strike is slim. Fewer and fewer village chiefs survive

in South Vietnam.

Scripps-Howard's Jim Lucas believes the only way to cover the war properly is to leave Saigon, not for one day but for several weeks, and to establish a forward base at one of the four regional army corps where space in a helicopter, a jeep, or an APC is always available. Says Lucas, who at 50 is the dean of the 30-man Vietnam foreign press corps: "I have absolutely no trouble getting around. But at the risk of offending others, I am obliged to say I am not very proud of the American press in this show. Granted Saigon needs covering. But it does not always merit the saturation coverage it gets. This is the first war in which my country has been involved that has not had adequate coverage. We sent better than 300 reporters winging to Lebanon, where not a shot was fired. But the majority of our Vietnam correspondents live in Saigon. I cannot understand why the two major wire services do not maintain bureaus in each of the four army corps areas. They should. Their reporting of military actions from Saigon is often shocking. It doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to the truth, as we in the field know it. I am constantly embarrassed attempting to explain stories written from Saigon or gathered on short trips to the field."

Yet, the war is getting so close to Saigon that correspondents rarely find it necessary to file stories from the field. In emergencies they can try to use the U.S. Army field communication system to reach their Saigon bureau and dictate their on-sceners, a practice frequently used by the AP and UPI. From Can Tho, Jim Lucas sends his mailers via the APO mail. It usually takes five days to reach the Scripps-Howard desk in Washington. Lucas has also tried to cable urgent stories through the civilian post office. To his great surprise he found that long files sent from Can Tho were reaching the U.S. faster than stories filed from Saigon where the unofficial censorship—enforced by various Vietnamese services—snarls outgoing traffic five to eight hours.

Ironically, the most difficult subject to cover in the Vietnamese war is the Vietcong. Very few good stories have been written on what they are like, their motivation, how they operate. Even their top leadership is almost unknown. The Vietcong are everywhere, even in the heavily garrisoned cities, but they never make themselves available to the Western press for interviews. More than 100,000 guerrillas roam almost freely through the Vietnamese countryside. So far they have made surprisingly little effort to contact correspondents and get their side of the story into the non-Communist press.

"As in any war," says *Time's* Frank McCulloch, "coverage of the enemy is difficult. Most of us necessarily depend on information sources on 'our side' for word about the Veecee [Vietcong]. These include both American and Vietnamese sources, and the problem is to evaluate what either or both have to say. American sources are a long way removed, culturally and psychologically, if not physically, from the Vietcong, and non-Communist Vietnamese are obviously somewhat prejudiced sources."

"There are newsmen, of course, who talk with the Vietcong, or who have written that they interview Vietcong representatives on occasion. It isn't too difficult in Saigon with a little time, patience, and money to make such arrangements. But one question arises: Once the newsmen has been taken to the almost always dark and secret rendezvous somewhere on the outskirts of Saigon, how does he know it's actually a Vietcong to whom he's talking? And if it is, is it likely that any Vietcong in a



CBS Photo

CBS's Bernard Kalb records a radio and TV spot during visit of Defense Secretary McNamara as police restrain crowds.

position to know much about Communist activities in South Vietnam would (1) meet with a Western newsmen, or (2) tell him anything of substance?" ABC's Raymond Falk—who insists in covering the war in *tenue de ville* including Fuji silk shirt because "correspondents should not masquerade as soldiers"—says: "Either we go in the field and we don't see anything or it's too . . . dangerous and we cannot shoot any film."

Only a handful of Western correspondents, besides Australia's pro-Red Wilfred Burchett who operates out of Hanoi, have actually visited the mysterious "men of the night," as the guerrillas are called by Vietnamese peasants. I know of only two European reporters who have spent some time in the "liberated areas" (one working for *Le Monde*, the other for the French ORTF network). In both cases, the "trips" were arranged through Cambodian contacts in Phnom Penh, through either the Cambodian Minister of Agriculture or Charles Mayer, a mysterious French adviser to Prince Norodom Sihanouk. In all cases, any travelers—except Burchett—have seen very little and have never had access to the closely-guarded secret headquarters of the Liberation Front," which is hidden, presumably, in a forest of Tay Ninh province, 70 miles northwest of Saigon.

Every reporter stationed in Vietnam has flown many missions over Vietcong-controlled territory. But all you can see is the immense brown jungle or peasant villages looking exactly like other peasant villages, with the men wearing black pajama-like dresses and the women protected against the broiling sun by conical straw hats.

Occasionally we do spot field fortifications around a rebel "combat hamlet": a series of narrow foxholes, mud ramparts, firing emplacements for recoilless guns and automatic weapons, and wide antitank trenches. In some areas of the Delta the guerrillas have dug so many of these holes that the land looks like a piece of *gruyère* cheese. But during the daytime the guerrillas remain asleep in some silent hut. The confused, weary correspondent often wishes he could do the same.



UPI Photo

UPI's Robert C. Miller talks war strategy with Marine Major Douglas Jacobsen, Congressional Medal of Honor winner.

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IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

That's what they asked the Wright Brothers, too. Only in those days they said, "If man were meant to fly, God would have given him wings." It amounts to the same thing. No one guessed that the airplane would contribute a lot more to our lives than just faster transportation. That it would spur developments in every field of science. Many things we take for granted grew out of the needs of modern flight. Things like aluminum for bridges, cars and wrapping foil. Better and smaller radios and TV sets. Energy cells. A lot of the scientific know-how which made this nation strong would have been a long time coming, if it hadn't been for the airplane. At the same time, our understanding of man's physical capabilities has increased, too—with a corresponding growth in our understanding of the human mechanism. So getting to the moon is more than a mat-

ter of national pride. It's a question of staying ahead in technology. If we don't, we can't hope to remain a world power. Our efforts to land a man on the moon will result in new discoveries. Just as the airplane hatched better ways to do things. Scientists call it technological fallout. That's good fallout. The kind of fallout that will fire up our economy, provide new industries, new jobs, and new ways to make the earth a better place to live. Grumman is designing and building the Lunar Excursion Module. We're proud to do our part in helping to land U.S. astronauts on the moon. When they do land, it will be proof of this nation's continuing leadership in science and technology. And these developments will be available to assist our defense capability. Remember that, the next time somebody asks if the trip is necessary.

GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION
Bethpage, Long Island, N. Y.





AP Photo

Stalin built up such a godlike mystique that the Soviet people were stunned by his death. For the correspondent, there was no information available beyond the bare news.

BY HENRY SHAPIRO

Nikita Khrushchev's removal from power is paradoxically the best testament to how much he contributed toward changing the face of Stalinist Russia. If Khrushchev had dispatched the fallen Molotov and Malenkov with a bullet instead of exile, he might not now be able to enjoy the luxury of sulking in retirement.

As far as foreign correspondents are concerned, the Soviet Union today is a somewhat less exciting place in which to work, now that Khrushchev is cloistered in his dacha in the Moscow woods instead of clinking glasses in resplendent Kremlin receptions. I doubt that in my lifetime a Soviet Premier will approach a Western correspondent, as Khrushchev often did with me, and pass off a pleasantry or make off-the-cuff statements that wound up in the headlines.

The style of his heirs is already clear for all to see. They are remote and aloof, although they may be models of sociability compared with the hermit-like Stalin. Khrushchev may have wasted hundreds of precious hours of "socialist" time in "fraternizing" with diplomats and newsmen, but he always provided news, views, and good humor—often at our expense. Premier Aleksei Kosygin

Henry Shapiro, 59, is the dean of American correspondents in Moscow. He first went to Russia in 1933 to study law, joined the Moscow bureau of United Press International (then United Press) in 1937. He was made manager of the bureau two years later.

and Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev attend fewer receptions, and make fewer public utterances.

Gone is the man who provided more colorful copy than perhaps any other single leader in this century. In his place are men who never depart from prepared speeches and who would never dream of using earthy expressions like "kicking an aggressor in the seat of his pants."

Khrushchev was one of the few Soviet leaders of the present generation who seemed to possess a Western sense of public relations. For years after his overthrow of the Malenkov-Molotov group, he regaled the world with details of why and how he did it.

From across the footlights Khrushchev appeared to this correspondent to lead with dash and dynamism, to improvise brilliantly, to cut red tape mercilessly, and to have an empathy with ordinary Russians because he once was a Donbas coal miner. He impressed correspondents with his cool grasp of world events, and he junketed far and wide to try to make friends for the Kremlin.

Khrushchev's personality, his penchant for the unpredictable, and his earthy ebullience gave him staying power—and yet proved his undoing.

In the beginning, Khrushchev was a new broom that swept clean. But as time went on and he aged, it became clear that he was sweeping much under the rug and missing many corners. Many Russians with whom I have discussed the dramatic events of last October feel that Khrushchev had begun to outlive his usefulness.

Khrushchev admittedly was the prime mover in remov-

COVERING THE COMMUNISTS

THREE GENERATIONS, THREE STYLES OF SOVIET RULE

Khrushchev was closer to the people than Stalin, and there was no doubt that he was mortal. His downfall caused few ripples, but newsmen were as much in the dark as in 1953.

Business Week-Novosti



ing the onerous Stalin "personality." But many observers of the Soviet scene suggest that it takes fire to fight fire. Every action has a reaction, and to eradicate Stalinism required a type of forceful leadership which has increasingly less relevance for the 1960s and the 1970s. Moreover, as the popular appetite for more reform waxed, it appeared that Khrushchev did not de-Stalinize enough, and he, too, was accused of developing his own personality cult.

Russia now needs more future-looking, more business-like, less crusading leadership. It needs long hours of negotiation between the Kremlin and technocrats and businessmen to lead to the construction of new chemical plants—and not long hours of speechifying in the Palace of Congresses.

And yet there are many who feel that Khrushchev has been dealt with cavalierly. Already a new textbook on Soviet history for college students has been revised so that there are only three references to Khrushchev in more than 600 pages. And not once is he mentioned as Premier, or in connection with the many and great events with which he was associated from 1953 to 1964.

In the Soviet press there is a complete blackout of the name of Khrushchev, even though the critical flak of "hare-brained" scheming and phrasemongering continues to fall almost daily. His portraits, never very numerous, have been removed everywhere.

In fact, the "un-person" process began even before the official announcement that he was out. Shortly after 10 p.m. on Oct. 15, a huge portrait of Khrushchev was unceremoniously yanked from the Moskva Hotel near the Kremlin. Following Khrushchev's failure to telephone the crew of the first Soviet space bus upon its successful landing, this clinched the ouster rumors we had already heard and enabled us to file the first dispatches.

The great mass of the Russian people seemed to accept Khrushchev's downfall with apathy and stoicism. When the news was not yet a day old and the sense of shock was still very much upon us, I sounded out a Russian acquaintance.

"Khrushchev?" came the hesitating response. "He was a good man, but . . ." He shook his head, then added: "It was time for him to go, I think. He was getting old . . ."

My mind went back to the years I had covered Russia under Khrushchev, to the countless speeches of exhortation to his people and of warnings to foreigners, and to the indefatigable efforts to improve the nation's agriculture and standard of living. And I felt again the remorseless nature of Soviet politics.

Remembering 1953, I wondered how the odious Stalin era could end with a bang, the more humane Khrushchev regime with only a whimper.

Remote from the people, unapproachable by his subordinates, and brutal to the extent of murdering thousands of Russians, Stalin nevertheless built around himself a godlike mystique of power. This was so strong that many soldiers went to their deaths in World War II with the name of Stalin on their lips.

Stalin's death signaled a radical transformation of Soviet society. When he died, the flock did not know where to turn. I recall how people wept in Red Square, not able to believe that mere death could bring down the immortal Stalin.

When I first heard of Stalin's stroke, the receptionist at the Central Telegraph to whom I handed my bulletin

message tore it up and threw the scraps in my face. She could not accept the fact that Stalin could suffer human illnesses.

By comparison, Khrushchev was the first "people's Premier." He traveled the length and breadth of the Soviet Union. He spoke to the people often—loud and long. In public Khrushchev frequently claimed that the Presidium—his "board of directors"—would have to give the final O.K. In later years, though, he sometimes forgot to clear decisions (such as dispatching his son-in-law Aleksei Adzhubei to West Germany). And he never forgot that he was mortal.

This, then, may ultimately be the explanation of how Khrushchev was able to sink so quietly beneath the waves, and it helps to explain the indifference I encountered on Oct. 16.

Although the death of Stalin and the fall of Khrushchev were as sharply contrasted as day and night in the historic sense, both displayed a striking sameness from the standpoint of news coverage.

In both cases, a small band of foreign correspondents was left on its own with only a bare-bones official announcement. There was not even a semblance of guidance for journalists trying to provide an insight into what had happened, and to assess the longer-term implications.

There was, however, this important difference. When Stalin died, the entire Western press corps (all five resident correspondents) did not have a single non-official Soviet source to compare notes with. The Khrushchev era has opened up access to Soviet journalists, writers, and a fair variety of contacts. But on Oct. 15 all these sources proved either non-communicative or unavailable. Only a day or two later was I able to get fairly reliable bits of information to piece together into a coherent story.

With Khrushchev's downfall, the Kremlin did more than merely cloak the events in secrecy. It allowed such a dubious construction to be put upon it that an Italian Communist Party official was reported to have said: "The Russians are elephants, always elephants. They lack our Machiavellian diplomacy."

Foreign comrades swarmed into Moscow to get an explanation of what appeared to be an abrupt and high-handed transfer of power, even though it was orderly and legitimate under modern Communist practice. All sorts of preposterous rumors made the rounds, and Soviet officials didn't raise a finger to head them off or to kill them once they got started. Stalinist censorship would have made short shrift of these rumors, but now correspondents could write as they pleased.

While Stalin was lying in state, we were not permitted to report even the death of Russia's greatest modern composer, Sergei Prokofiev, because the Soviet press had not mentioned it. Nobody could compete with Stalin, even in death.

The fall of Khrushchev—and the death of Stalin, for that matter—should kill the legend that the Russians are clever propagandists who know how to plant and manage news deftly. If there was any "news management," it consisted entirely of what the Soviet press said or did not say. There were no efforts by Soviet propaganda officials to influence our dispatches. The Russians serve up news on a "come and get it" basis and seemingly don't care what happens to it after that.

But asking questions is another matter. In most capitals of the world, a correspondent can pick up a phone in the

middle of the night and get an answer from a government official or contact in an emergency. In the Soviet Union one can seldom get such elementary service, even in the middle of the day. It would be impossible to get a Soviet Foreign Ministry comment on the situation in Cyprus or a speech by Pres. Johnson until the official Tass News Agency decides to crank it out.

One example of the problems this can cause was the report early last fall that Khrushchev, in a conversation with Japanese legislators, had boasted that the Soviets possessed a doomsday weapon. I had the story from two Japanese friends who had been briefed thoroughly on the Kremlin dialogue, and the news jolted the world. Not a single word appeared in the Soviet press.

A few days later, at an Indian embassy reception, Khrushchev took me aside and politely observed that he had been misquoted—perhaps because of translation problems, he said. In 10 minutes of talk, he did not give a clear picture of what he actually had told the Japanese. But I took advantage of the opportunity to explain the reporters' problem, as I had done many times earlier to other high Soviet officials.

"We have no way of checking with official sources," I complained. Khrushchev merely shrugged his shoulders: "What can I do about it?" If Khrushchev could not do anything about it, who could?

Later, Khrushchev and the Soviet press released three different versions of the talk with the Japanese. But it is

still not clear what he really said.

So when Khrushchev was overthrown, the lack of censorship and the facility for instant transmission of news helped only a little in the basic problem of news gathering.

But there has nevertheless been progress since Stalin's death. The atmosphere is incomparably less hush-hush, and covering news is a less "conspiratorial" occupation. Sooner or later the news will "out."

In 1953, when this correspondent, hours before the official announcement, obtained the news that Stalin had died, I had our London office on the line. I knew that if I mentioned Stalin's name, I would be cut off immediately.

"Have you heard what happened?" I asked Bob Musel on the other end.

"Stalin died," he said.

We were immediately disconnected, but Musel knew what I was trying to say. And that's how UPI broke the news to the world.

Eleven years later, thousands of words about Khrushchev's ouster were pouring to the outside world openly—well before the official announcement—on Teletypes and telephones.

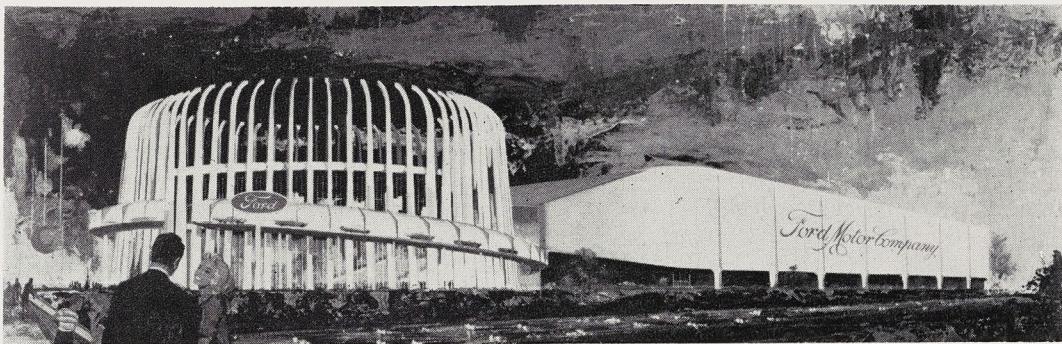
The words amounted to an avalanche. And yet little beyond the brief announcement of Khrushchev's "resignation" due to "advanced age and failing health" came from official sources on that historic night of Oct. 15.

And to this day the whole dramatic story has not been told.

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HOW TO RUN A NEWS BUREAU, MOSCOW STYLE

BY HENRY BRADSHER

The call comes at 2:30 on a cold Sunday morning. An owlish colleague suggests that you take a look at the Tass printer. You put on a bathrobe and unlock the office, across the hall from home. Coming off the printer is a summary of an editorial from *Pravda* that will be available later, defending the Soviet Communist concept of "the state of the whole people."

"The genuine essence of this polemic is often obscured by the fact that the arguments are on questions which at first sight may seem rather abstract," *Pravda* says. This is putting it mildly. You are tempted to go back to bed.

But this is Moscow. The obscure is often the most significant. Journalism is a different exercise here than it is in most other parts of the world . . .

The Tass printer falls silent. The AP wire from London and New York comes in nearby—and waits to take stories out.

Working in Moscow is convenient in some ways compared to points beyond the leased wires, such as New Delhi. With Soviet censorship ended on news (but not on pictures), it is possible for news agencies to punch stories

Henry Bradsher, 34, is chief of the Associated Press bureau in Moscow. He was appointed to that post early last year after serving with the AP in New Delhi. He previously worked for the AP in Atlanta and Montgomery, Ala.



AP Photo

directly from their offices. When the line goes bad, a not infrequent nuisance, stories can be telephoned to West European bureaus with a bit of delay.

It's better than those mad car races by agency correspondents—weaving through bullock carts, cyclists, and dhoti-clad pedestrians—from important news conferences in Delhi to the cable offices. Or trying to talk an Afghan operator in Kabul into changing radio frequencies so you can transmit an interview with the Prime Minister.

There is less moving around on a Moscow assignment. If there's a story about Tibetan guerrillas worth getting in a part of Western Nepal behind the Himalayas, one walks 16 days and gets it. But when a landslide in Soviet Central Asia blocks a river and creates a dangerous lake, correspondents are forbidden to go there. They must quote Soviet press accounts.

This creates problems when the Soviet press abruptly changes its tune. A Tass recap on the situation on the Zeravshan River ironically pointed up what happened: "The imagination boggles at the catastrophe with which this ominous wall of water threatened the mountain villages and the towns of Penjikent, Samarkand, and Bukhara, on the lower reaches of the river, if the dam were suddenly to be breached. A number of Western newspapers with a hankering after sensation immediately started shouting about the catastrophe hanging over Samarkand and Bukhara." Western correspondents invented the danger of a "catastrophe," they later charged.

But the Soviet press is needed as the conveyor of official handouts; it is a sort of briefing officer who allows no questions or clarifications. Often, only Soviet reporters are allowed to cover a story and report what fits the picture their editors want to paint. In India and some of its neighbors, a correspondent not only has ready access to the news but also has a local press that tells most sides of a story.

In India, too, the leading papers are in English. The AP bureau and other bureaus in Moscow employ Russians to translate and generally assist even those few correspondents who know Russian well enough to operate alone. A translator soon learns which subjects are of interest. Some even develop a news sense. If one translator misses something, it might be caught in the offices of the several "specials"—correspondents for only one publication—who regularly telephone to compare notes. This creates a healthy sense of competition among translators.

Reading the papers and the Tass wire keeps one in the office a lot more of the time in Moscow than Delhi. So does the unavailability of Soviet officials.

In Delhi or Colombo or Katmandu, almost anyone can wait on the verandas of cabinet ministers and usually be rewarded with an explanation of what is happening. If the working committee of the Indian Congress Party is meeting, correspondents will know about it. There will be briefings—and veranda leaks.

If the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party is meeting, correspondents will have only rumors to work from. There will be no visible signs of activity. People you telephone won't admit there is a meeting. A committee member—say, a Deputy Premier who turns up at a reception—will not help. "If there's anything to be said, it will be in tomorrow's *Pravda*," he replies with annoyance.

Bureaucrats are no more helpful. When one calls the Supreme Soviet to ask if Brezhnev is a member of its Presidium, the answer is: "You know you are not supposed to ask us for information. You must address all questions to the Press Dept. of the Foreign Ministry."

When queried, the Press Dept. first chastises the correspondent for having tried to collect information directly from someone who knew. Then, after much delay, it makes a guess about Brezhnev—which turns out wrong.

The kind of people one would go to see in other places are generally nonexistent or inaccessible in the Soviet Union, but there's a lot of time spent running around Moscow on routine office matters. When typing paper is needed for the bureau, it takes four trips: to a government agency to get a bill for it, to the bank to pay in dollars and get a receipt, back to the agency to get a chit, and then to the warehouse for the paper. *Izvestia* must be bought at the printing plant every afternoon and rushed back to the office for a search for news. And the fresh meat and vegetables that one cannot get on the Russian market and instead imports from Helsinki must be picked up at customs. The AP keeps one car and chauffeur tied up a lot of the time on such housekeeping details.

At least it is possible to import those numerous things which the Soviet economy lacks, if one can stand the high prices. This makes living in Moscow more comfortable in some ways than Delhi, where all imports are banned and the local economy lacks most of the consumer goods to which a Westerner is accustomed. But for the correspondent arriving in Moscow from the West, it looks a lot tougher. Reactions vary according to which country one

came from. Household help is more scarce and far more expensive than in India, more plentiful and cheaper than in the U.S. Moscow theater is less varied than New York's but better than New Delhi's.

Moscow work is physically hard, despite some consumer comforts, because of hours and manpower shortages. In Montgomery (Ala.), three AP staffers eight years ago could cover the news without working much more than a 40-hour week, plus an occasional post-midnight bombing. In Delhi, three AP staffers and a lot of stringers could, as of a year ago, cover a subcontinent. But in Moscow the AP is restricted by the government to visas for just three newsmen, and it isn't enough.

The owlish special can stay up to 2:30 a.m. because he meets only a morning deadline on the East Coast and can sleep until noon before plowing through the numerous Moscow morning papers. The AP can't because it serves papers with deadlines around the clock, and it has to do other things, like chasing Norwegian ice skaters and Japanese trade delegations.

Yet, despite the manpower limitations, news production is equal to bureaus with perhaps twice or even four times as many men, and would be greater still if one could work more than 16 hours a day. The news is simply there and needs covering—at all hours of the day and night.

The greatest difference between working in Moscow and in Delhi is the type of news frequently covered. A reporter in India needs to know about such underlying factors as the complex caste structure (and in Alabama, too, the caste structure is important to know)—and he can easily learn about these "castes."

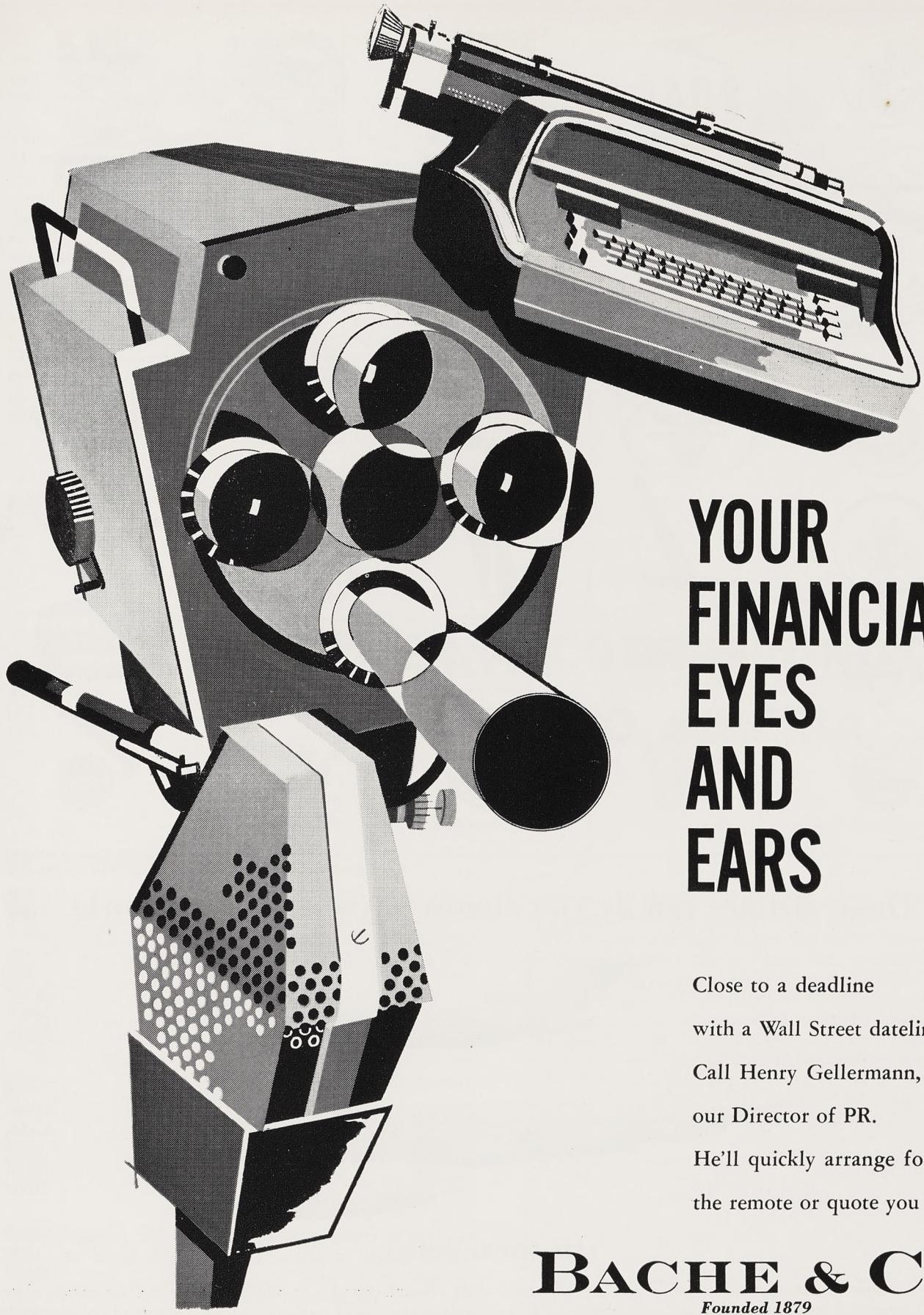
The Soviet caste structure lies hidden; politics is officially absent but mysteriously active; and economics can be explained in often deliberately misleading ways. The newcomer to the Soviet scene needs both the temperament and willingness to study what has happened in the past in order to try to understand what is happening now.

Have Moscow and Peking moved back toward each other because they celebrate a treaty anniversary, with Soviet talk of unity and China saying "the Chinese people will stand firmly by the great Soviet people"? A careful reading of Chinese statements over the past few years shows that they continually repeated that phrase even at the depths of denunciation of Khrushchev; so it means nothing now. Soviet unity talk does not involve any change in policy positions that China opposed the last time it commented on that aspect of the dispute. And the things that go unsaid, but by Communist tradition should be said on friendly occasions, are indicative when one knows the traditions . . .

You read over the Tass summary of the *Pravda* editorial a second time. No mention of China, Khrushchev, Brezhnev, or the Soviet silence on Peking's ideological attacks. But you remember that China never accepted the theory Khrushchev proclaimed in 1961: How a "dictatorship of the proletariat" could be replaced in Russia with a "state of the whole people."

So this is a Soviet answer to a recent Chinese attack on the theory. The editorial, for all its obscure abstractions, is a significant development in relations between the new men in Moscow and the old man in Peking.

It's a story, Moscow style. It's getting on toward 7 p.m. on Saturday night in New York, time to make the Sunday papers there. You start to write.



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Drawing by Bud Blake

COVERING THE COMMUNISTS

WHEN A CORRESPONDENT IS SENT TO SIBERIA . . .

BY STEWART RAMSEY

Now that you have come to Khabarovsk, you probably would like to see our Railway Engineering Institute."

"We would like to go to the Soviet border with the People's Republic of China. We see by the map that it is only a short distance from here."

"What for? There is nothing to look at there."

"Yes, but we would like to see it anyway. Just for a few minutes."

"But we thought you came here from Moscow to see Khabarovsk. The Railway Engineering Institute is very interesting. It has 6,000 students."

The Western correspondents never did get to the Red Chinese border. But they did make it to the banks of the Amur River (called by the Chinese the "River of the Black Dragon") where it was possible to imagine seeing Chinese

Manchuria, a blurry line about 25 miles off to the left (the guide mistakenly pointed to the right).

Khabarovsk is a long 4,300 miles east of Moscow. It is the closest Siberian city to China that can be visited by Western correspondents. Aside from Red China, which is closed as of now, Siberia may very well be the most exotic spot an American correspondent can get to today in the Communist world. Certainly you can't beat the dateline, "Somewhere in Siberia." And if the Chinese persist with their territorial claims against large areas of the region, it could even become a hot news center. Already, substantial numbers of Soviet military personnel in the streets of Khabarovsk hint at a build-up along the border.

Siberia may seem like an odd, if not impossible, place for a Western correspondent to try to "cover." Indeed, the very immensity of the place—it is nearly twice as large as the U.S.—would appear to rule out "coverage" even by the Soviet press (which is not about to cover it in our sense anyway). To look at Siberia from the air, it seems to be nothing but vast stretches of forest and frozen tundra, broken occasionally by a great river or smallish city. In all of Siberia there are only 18-million people.

Furthermore, you aren't likely to get the kind of story

Stewart Ramsey, 37, is assistant foreign editor of Business Week. He based this article on a trip to Siberia in November, 1963, during a two-year hitch in Moscow for McGraw-Hill World News. Ramsey received the E. W. Fairchild citation in 1964 for business news reporting behind the Iron Curtain.



in Siberia that your editor back home expects. If there are any salt mines and slave labor camps still around, you won't be taken to them. Forget about rocket factories and plutonium plants—those presumably are in West Siberia, which is off limits to the prying eyes of foreign correspondents anyway (you fly over it). Any snarling wolves and enraged bears in your copy will have to be the product of a vodka-stimulated creative process.

But Siberia really needs no news peg to make it worth a visit. It represents the modern "frontier" of the Soviet Union, something akin to the American West 100 years ago. There aren't any cowboys or Indians, but there are the same rugged, adventurous people, seeking their fortune as they see it. In a sense, there is the flavor of Horace Greeley's "Go West, Young Man," only in reverse. Even in such an effete calling as journalism, you can meet a bushy-haired young Russian newspaperman who tells you he could have taken jobs in several large cities of European Russia, such as Leningrad, but deliberately selected Irkutsk in Siberia because "I am more on my own." Of course, there are still some Russians who don't go to Siberia voluntarily.

The bigness and richness of Siberia also give its people something of a Texas outlook on life. Everything is described in superlatives: Lake Baikal is the "deepest fresh water lake in the world" (it is); there are "bigger diamond deposits in Siberia than in South Africa" and "unlimited gold" (perhaps—nobody can go look).

Sometimes the Siberians get so carried away that they see their work in a grandiose historical perspective: A young engineer at the Bratsk Hydroelectric Power Station—which is the biggest hydro station in the world—talks about how the Bratsk dam will endure through the centuries, much as has the "Pyramid of Cheops."

Even if a little boring after a while, this talkativeness is a bit of a change from Moscow, where the "capitalist" correspondent isn't likely to find many Russians willing to talk about anything. Besides, the boasts are often true.

Beyond this, the Siberian may be more willing than his Muscovite counterpart to drop little hints that everything out his way isn't going just dandy. The deputy mayor of Bratsk, a Comrade Rudikh, confesses that there is a housing problem in Bratsk, and that up to 30% of the young workers there leave every year to return to their homes in Western Russia. An official of the Railway Engineering

Institute in Khabarovsk grumbles that "some people in Moscow still think our streets are filled with bears."

Sometimes, young Siberians don't seem to remember that good Soviet citizens aren't supposed to talk about military matters in front of capitalist newsmen. In the Arctica Cafe in Irkutsk, while a shirt-sleeved band plays a jazzed-up version of the old Russian tune "Dark Eyes," a group of vodka-lubricated youngsters eagerly tell how they are going to be inducted into the Red Army the next day—much to the correspondents' discomfiture.

Interestingly, too, there are Siberian women who find foreign correspondents devilishly attractive. On the Aeroflot run from Irkutsk to Bratsk, there's a gray-eyed beauty, a real Siberian forest flower, who ignores her hostess' duties completely in order to listen fascinated to the correspondents' outrageously inflated tales of their adventures. But when it comes to a correspondent's invitation to join his "harem" in the West, she responds with a polite but firm "nyet."

Today, getting into Siberia—and out of it—is a lot easier than you may think. Of course, it's necessary for the correspondent accredited in Moscow to apply to the Soviet Foreign Ministry's Press Dept. for permission to visit Siberia, as he would any place outside Moscow. Permission may come through after a few weeks, or a few months, to travel by air to a handful of cities in East Siberia for a very short period of time—say a week or less. Usually, these cities are Irkutsk, Bratsk, Yakutsk, and perhaps Khabarovsk.

If a one-week or less trip seems too fast, you can always try for permission to travel at least part way on the famous Trans-Siberian Railway, which connects Moscow with Vladivostok. It has been done. But don't hold your breath while you wait.



The best way to see Siberia is to take it in with a small party of fellow correspondents, perhaps three or four, who are non-competitive. This enhances the possibilities of getting the bureaucrats in Moscow to make the necessary arrangements, and also the chances of getting interviews with local officials on arrival.

There aren't, of course, any facilities in Siberia for "filing" a story outside the Soviet Union. In theory, it should be possible to place a telephone call from a city like Irkutsk to a West European capital—or even to New York. But if a connection were actually made, that would be a news story in itself.



The harried lady in the crowd on Gorky Street
is Mary Lou Furgurson, wife of the Baltimore Sun's former
Moscow man. (For her comments, turn page.)

COVERING THE COMMUNISTS

IT'S REALLY A NICE PLACE TO VISIT, BUT . . .

Photographs by Stan Wayman, LIFE

BY ERNEST B. FURGURSON

Working in Moscow has its satisfactions. Over the years, a higher percentage of the Moscow man's copy ends up above the fold on Page One than almost anybody else's.

So the weather may be glum. It's no glummer than having to guess what today's 6,000-word *Pravda* editorial really means. If smiles in Moscow seem as unlikely as golf clubs at GUM, one can always look forward to Leningrad, Tbilisi, or even Siberia. Anywhere outside Mos-

cow is more cheerful than the overcrowded capital itself.

But to cover Moscow one must live there, and so must one's family. At first, they think it's a fine novelty, and it is. The children may go to the Anglo-American School, and the Kremlin and forests and churches are wonderful tourist sights to visit—for a few months. But then, one day the wife is asked by a friend how to plan for a Russian vacation, and she replies, "Go to Greece."

Moscow is really a "nice place to visit, but . . ."



AFTER LONG MONTHS, IT ALL BECOMES A DRAG

As a visitor, an American might find some charm in the Central Market, where daffodils imported from Georgia bring late-winter cheer at only 50 kopecks (55¢) a blossom. The idea of trudging from shop to shop in search of a lemon at 35 kopecks (39¢) might seem quaint. There's a nice touch of color in the militiaman, on duty 24 hours a day at the apartment entrance. And isn't it dramatic to assume—without knowing for sure—that every place is bugged?

Some correspondents have built their careers around this Moscow. They are devoted men of great patience and staying power. If they deserve subjective commiseration, they also deserve objective admiration. So do their wives.

Some knew Moscow even before the telegraph office installed a green curtain, behind which copy vanished for hours or forever. That symbol of press censorship is now gone. Every correspondent is his own censor. Within limits, fair political criticism is cricket. Still, there are days when one has to skate close to the line, and when the family worries that it might be leaving Moscow sooner than it hoped.



"I've forgotten how much he was asking for carrots," Mary Lou recalls, "but it was clearly too much. This is at the Central Market, just around the corner from our 'home.' "

"My husband, chained to his typewriter, is ignoring me as I clean out his office. The nice moose was snared by our driver, Leonid Loftsov, at Pereslavl Zaleski outside Moscow."

"Moscow is different for a while, but there are long days after long months when it all becomes a drag. I leaned over our balcony on Sadovaya Samotechnaya on such a day."



"Twice a year we ordered staples and potables from Copenhagen. Here I'm helping Audrey Bourgholtzer, wife of NBC's Frank Bourgholtzer, take inventory of her pantry."



"Glyn was a good patient on her first visit to a Russian dentist. But the filling wasn't a good one. It fell out in a month and had to be replaced in Paris."



"Here, I'm with two Audreys—Bourgholtzer and Topping (wife of New York Times' Seymour Topping)—trying to decide on a spring menu to be ordered months ahead from Justesen's."



"The nicest time of year is early winter, when the gray fall goes away and the snow covers the smoke and dirt. Glyn (foreground) and young Pat are anxious for skating."



"The old and the new were still friends at this diplomatic reception at the Sovietskaya Hotel. That's Kosygin above my nose, and you know who is at right center."



IN DOGGED PURSUIT OF LIGHTER PLEASURES

The search for *divertissement* is much more dedicated in Moscow than elsewhere. Western Muscovites go doggedly to dinner after dinner, reception after reception, day in and out, knowing full well they will see the same faces and dresses and hear the same gossip over and over again. They go to see Maya Plisetskaya dance *Swan Lake* twice, thrice, five times. They take physical risks on skis and in leotards that they would avoid back home.

They pretend the first snow is an event, when they know there will be a hundred more before spring. They consider the late-evening sun a treat—until the 2 a.m. sun wakes them the morning after. They go moose hunting and ice fishing and museum inspecting, and in the summer they go swimming in the Moskva River.

What they do is persist. As humans, they have that indomitable spirit that through the centuries has made the most of every situation.

Ernest B. "Pat" Furgurson, 35, lived in Moscow with wife (Mary Lou) and children ("Pat" III and Glyn) for two years and nine months while he covered Russia for the Baltimore Sun. The pictures were taken by Stan Wayman, then Life correspondent in Moscow. Furgurson now is the Sun's White House correspondent.



"I'd like to suppress this one. It's Misha giving us girls instructions on how to do a plié at our semi-weekly lesson."



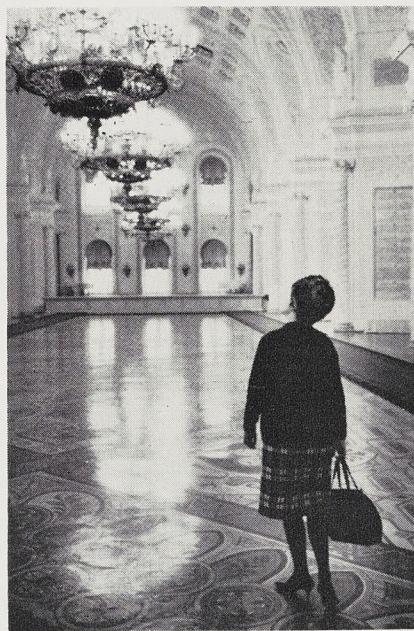
"After the view from Lenin Hills near the university, the best is from the tip top of the ferris wheel in Gorky Park. The Moskva River is in the background."



"You wouldn't believe it's that light outdoors at 10:30 p.m. This dinner party in June was for John and Brenda Miller, then of Reuters, and Brenda's parents, in from England."



"You can see I'm a beginner. So is my husband, behind me. This is at Tsaritsyno, Catherine the Great's ruined castle."



"I'd never been inside St. George's Hall in the Great Kremlin Palace before this. It's usually quite full of diplomats."

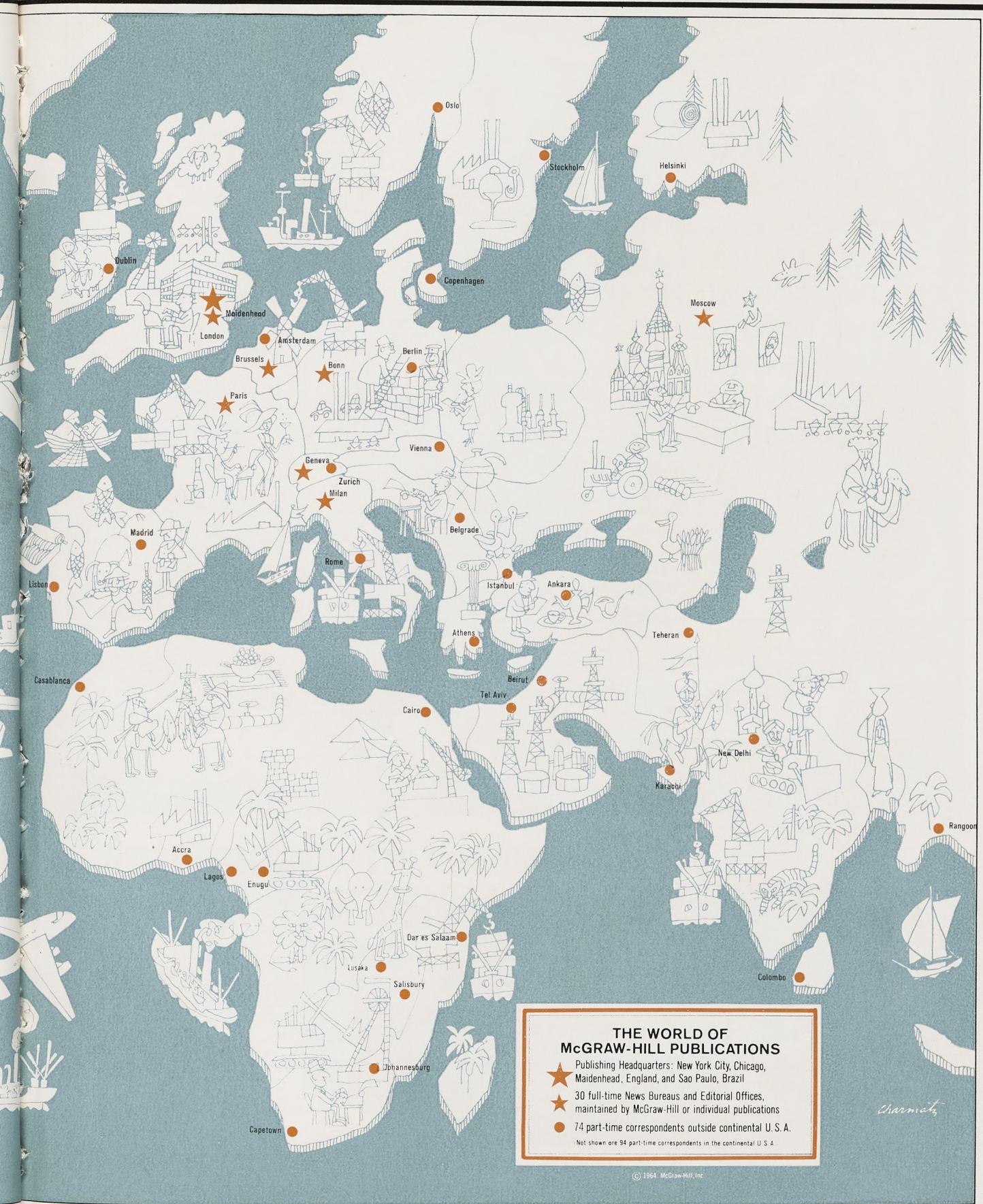


"Between troika races at the Hippodrome, I poured some hot wine for Stewart Ramsey, then McGraw-Hill's correspondent."



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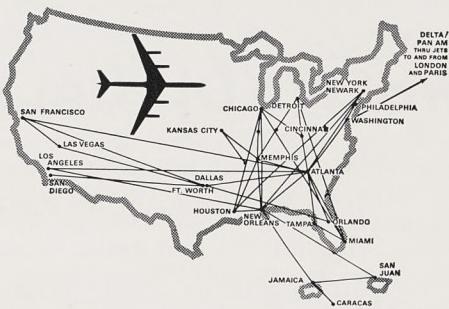
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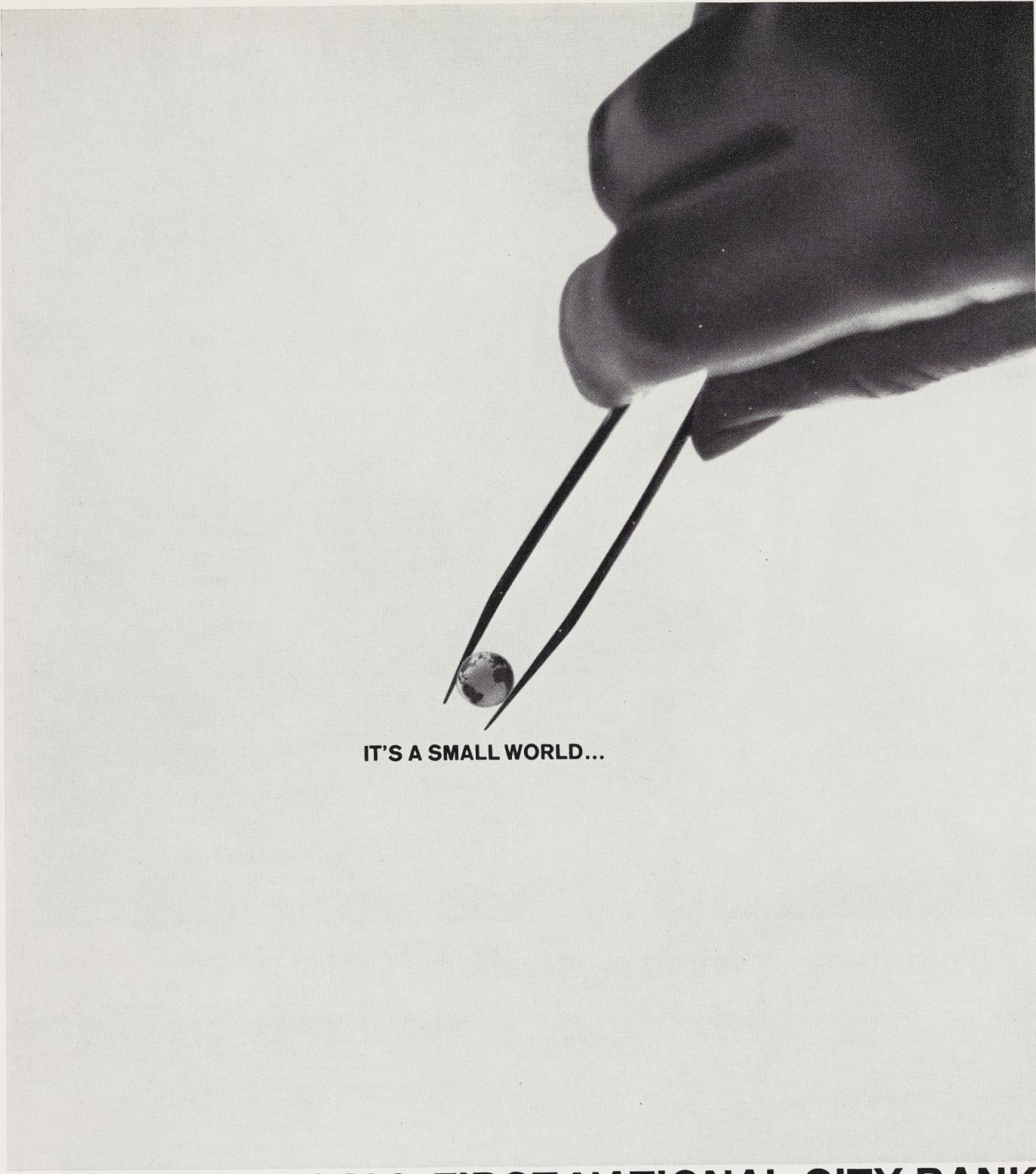
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COVERING THE COMMUNISTS

"A sympathetic Soviet official allowed photos of a new bridge, on the ground it wasn't a bridge yet but still a construction project. But he warned me to hurry up."

RUSSIA MAKES THE BUSINESS PAGE

BY DON C. WINSTON

In the coming decade some of the most important business news stories will carry a Moscow dateline.

Just in the past year the Soviets have trotted out their oil and chemical experts, their spacemen, and a number of other top scientists and engineers. The foreign press is seeing far fewer "heroes of Socialist labor" and movie personalities. Question periods at news conferences are more relaxed, and the business news reporter is getting an opportunity to ask for the kind of specialized answers that he cannot get from government handouts, from Tass or the rest of the Soviet press. There's a chance now to get more than just a foggy glimpse of what's happening in Russia's industrial technology.

True, there are still plenty of frustrating exceptions. Not long ago, the Russians held a news conference for their Nobel Prize winners in laser development. It looked like a natural for me; I had been trying to get some figures on the Soviet laser program for more than a year. But when I asked one of the scientists, during the question period, for an idea as to how many lasers were operating in the Soviet Union and how broadly based the research program was, I was publicly slapped down by the moderator. His admonition was that I was addressing a scientist, not a bookkeeper, and that it was rude for me to ask such a question.

Yet the siege psychology does seem to be on the way out. Last summer I managed to interview the chief engineer working on a new kind of concrete bridge that was

being built over a river in the Ukraine. He was a typical construction man, happy to explain expansively all the facts about his project. But when I tried to take pictures of the job, I was stopped by the ever-present party official. "It is not legal to photograph bridges in the Soviet Union," he solemnly told me.

That night, over vodka, I complained bitterly to an even higher party official about the impending loss of my story. He was sympathetic. "Did you know that we, too, have a New Frontier?" he asked. "Meet me at 9 tomorrow, and I will show you."

He picked me up outside the hotel in a chauffeur-driven car that took us directly to the bridge site. "So start taking pictures," he said.

"Soviet law prohibits photographs of bridges, but this, in my opinion, is no bridge. Does it span the river yet? Of course not. In my opinion it is a construction project, and Soviet law does not prohibit photographs of construction projects."

I leaped from the car, camera cocked. But the official grabbed me just as I left. "Mr. Winston," he warned, "you know and I know that this is just a construction project. But it is possible that we will meet someone here, maybe a militiaman, who has the crazy idea that this is a bridge. So I suggest you work very fast."

I did, the story ran, and Russian bridge builders got their reputation boosted in the West.

Yet it's more than incidents like this that will make Moscow such a strong center for industrial and economic news in the next decade. Much more important is the surprising shift in economic thinking among Soviet planners and economists.

Last year, Soviet leaders woke up to the fact that \$2-billion in unsold merchandise had collected in the nation's warehouses. The reason for this was obvious: When there

Don C. Winston, 32, is Moscow correspondent for McGraw-Hill World News, reporting for Business Week and three dozen business and technical magazines. Winston joined McGraw-Hill News in San Francisco in 1959, went to Chicago as bureau chief in 1961, and to Moscow in 1963.



"At a news conference for Nobel Prize winners in laser development, the moderator blasted me for asking how many lasers were in operation in the Soviet Union."

are enough shoes to go around, people start looking for style. But Soviet central planning boards can't waste time worrying about the size and color of a bow on a woman's shoe. And the same old product is continued.

In heavy industry the problems are more subtle but more critical. Maintaining a balance between raw materials, byproducts, spare parts, and technical knowhow is impossible in a system where every bolt in a lathe and every pane of glass in a factory has to be planned and accounted for. The result for the Soviet Union has been peacetime industrial waste on a scale never before witnessed.

Out of the muddle, an entirely new way of looking at economic planning has developed in the Soviet Union, and the government is trying to apply the new economics. It is borrowing back the law of supply and demand from the West. Plant managers are no longer responsible for producing a given number of men's shirts; instead, they have to make only a certain minimum profit from a year's production of men's shirts, and a portion of the profit goes back to the workers as incentive payments.

Kharkov Professor Yevsei Liberman is the driving force behind this new approach. When he first began talking openly about this, in 1962, his ideas caused so much stir that he virtually went into hiding. But Khrushchev came to like Liberman's approach, though he was cautious in applying it, and one of his last moves before his ouster was to apply the system to two clothing factories.

When Brezhnev and Kosygin came to power, they promptly expanded the Liberman program to more plants. Earlier this year they announced that no less than 400 shoe and clothing factories would be put on the profit system. Kosygin made it clear that he will try to extend the profit system to heavy industry so that chemical plants and machine tool factories, among others, will adjust production more closely to customers' orders.

If this change continues, Soviet society will be shaken to its roots. An economic and sociological tiger will have been set loose. It will be vital to keep the West informed.

Western businessmen are making news, too, as they come to Moscow in ever-increasing numbers to develop more trade with the Russians. Many of them gain access

to top Soviet officials, and thus are among the best sources of hard news. Some prominent persons have been in town in the past year, among them David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank and Paul Chambers of Imperial Chemical Industries (who chose to announce in Moscow the recent sale to the Soviet Union of a \$90-million artificial fiber plant). There was also a junket of 90 businessmen, including the chairmen and presidents of some of the largest American companies.

But for every businessman who comes in with a bang, others filter in and out like mice. During a recent reception I asked an American corporation president if he'd like to have his picture taken with Kosygin, who was chatting just a few feet away. But the businessman refused, saying: "They might not understand at home." Many of his colleagues refused to let themselves be quoted for the same reason.

The essence of the reporter's battle remains, of course, to find out firsthand. In the Soviet Union, the job can follow some unlikely paths.

The Russians sponsor many junkets for foreign newsmen, and it's generally a good bet to go along. Sometimes their purposes are quite different from those stated on the program. Last year I signed up for a poetry trip to Kiev, in honor of the dead Ukrainian poet, Taras Shevchenko. But on the second day of poetry readings we all managed to slip out of the auditorium to visit a hydropower construction project, the Metro, the Automation Institute, and a few industrial centers around the city.

Soviet bureaucrats often show no sign of understanding what is happening in their own country, and many still have a tendency to see a spy behind every English-language typewriter, though this sentiment is fast fading. Last year the Russians held a news conference on their Moscow Metro expansion program. During the question period one correspondent asked, innocently enough, how deep the subway goes. "It varies," was the bland reply. "But how deep is the deepest station?" another reporter persisted. "It varies," the answer shot back again.

It was easy enough to estimate the speed of the escalator at one particularly deep station, ride it down, measure the time and the angle, and apply triangulation for a rough answer. But our publication of the figure, in context with reporting the official's replies, deeply disturbed the Russians. And when next I requested an interview on a new automatic tunneling rig the Russians are trying to sell abroad, the request was denied.

Sometimes, officials will turn down a request for the most obscure reasons. Once I asked for, and got, permission to visit an artificial fiber plant outside Moscow. The day before the trip I was told by officials at the plant that the plant manager unfortunately would be too busy to see me the next day. Could I go the following Monday instead?

Naturally I could, and did. But the plant manager met me with a scowl. "Where were you last week?" he asked. "My staff and I waited all morning for you. Finally we called Moscow and they said you were too busy to come."

Later, I figured it out. It was just before the May Day parade, and the road on which the plant was situated was undoubtedly the scene of heavy military equipment movements in preparation. Obviously this was no time to have camera-carrying foreign correspondents on the prowl.

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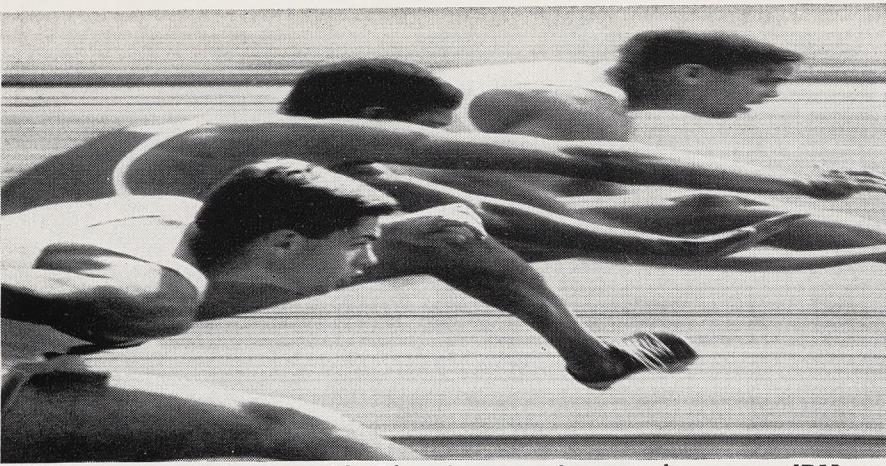
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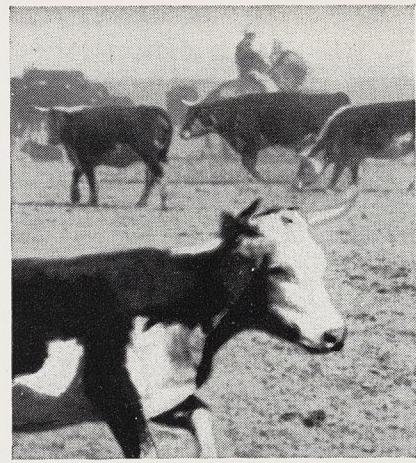
Finally, we've manned our baggage crews for the heaviest traffic of the day—and kept the same number on duty all day long.

In fact, today you might say we're giving you just 5 minutes to get off the premises.

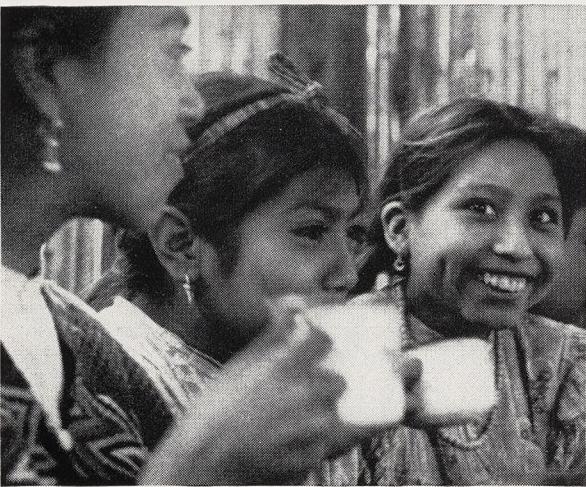
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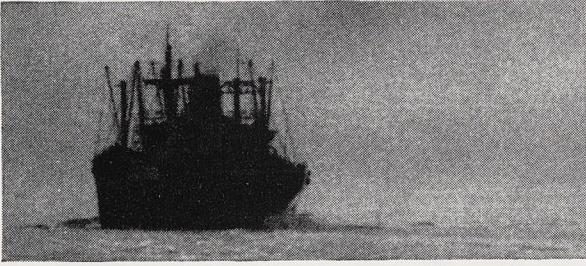
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Time's cover story on Lenin started the fuss.

Drawing by Ray Bailey

COVERING THE COMMUNISTS

THREE DAYS THAT SHOOK THE SHENKERS

BY ISRAEL SHENKER

When I returned from the Soviet Foreign Ministry and told my family we were being expelled from the country, the children cheered. Then they burst into tears.

For 14 months we had been living in Moscow, where I was stationed as *Time*'s bureau chief and trying, despite restrictions and obstacles familiar to scores of correspondents, to report on the Russian scene.

In February, 1964, I contributed to a *Time* cover story on the Soviet economy. Within a fortnight of the article's publication Leonid Zamyatin, head of the Foreign Ministry's Press Dept. (who once described himself to me as "a combination of Salinger and Manning"), called me to the Ministry and ticked *Time* off for poisoning the atmosphere and furthering the cold war. If *Time* persisted, he

warned, the bureau would be closed, and I'd be expelled.

My family (wife, daughter, son) and I lived at the Sovietskaya Hotel, hoping the government would assign us an apartment. Not that the Sovietskaya was bad, or an apartment necessarily good, but my wife wanted to exchange our hot plate for a kitchen. Since foreigners are not permitted to live where they please, or to seek their own lodgings, we kept inviting people to dinner—hoping they would tell Comrade Zamyatin how much a kitchen would do for everyone's stomach.

My wife and children were appropriately alarmed at the notion that we might have to leave before we were properly installed. Daughter Susan, then 13, was enjoying life as the only foreigner at Moscow Public School No. 155. Mark, who was 10, was aghast at the notion that he might have to leave Moscow's Anglo-American School and go to a school which believed in homework. Nonetheless, my wife and I were prepared for any move, having stored in the hall of our hotel apartment the packing cases in which our belongings had arrived from Paris.

Israel Shenker, 40, became chief of the Rome bureau of Time in late 1964 following the unexpectedly fast departure from Moscow about which he writes. Before Moscow, Shenker was with Time in Paris and The Hague.

With a sickle hanging over our heads, we went about our business. And *Time* went about its business, deciding to do a cover story on Lenin and the state of world Communism. Once again, my contribution—to the April, 1964, story—was researched and duly dispatched.

Before the issue arrived, I left for a weekend in England, and then drove in leisurely style back to Moscow. Though I returned in time to celebrate May Day in Red Square with the rest of the country, the government had unaccountably forgotten to invite me. And then an Army security man at the airport refused to accept any pictures for shipment abroad that were being sent by the *Time* correspondent. There is a security check on all photo shipments, but never before had *everything* been turned down. Silly misunderstanding, I was sure, just like the Foreign Ministry's strange failure to accredit a *Time* colleague who was going to replace me during the summer vacation period.

On May 4 the ministry called at 5:30 p.m. to ask if I could be there by 6. I was sure they wanted to apologize for the misunderstanding. Tempted to say no, and spare them the trouble, I said yes and got there early.

As I sat waiting in the vast lobby downstairs, a man brought in several packing cases of costumes and top hats which he dumped near me. I was about to ask him where he'd found the cardboard boxes (I was too shy to ask what the ministry was going to do with the fancy dress) when Comrade Zamyatin's secretary arrived to escort me upstairs. (One is always politely escorted in the Foreign Ministry.)

On the 8th floor we got out of the crowded elevator and walked down the hall to confront Comrade Zamyatin, who seemed somehow distant, even cold.

It was my own fault. *Time*, the press chief explained, had persisted in distorting the truth and slandering the Soviet people. I sought to reply, but Russian facts are Russian facts, and Comrade Zamyatin continued reading the indictment to me. Then he handed me a copy I could keep. Noting that the Soviet government was closing the Mos-

cow bureau of *Time*, he added that I should leave the country "within a few days."

I tried again to reply, but Comrade Zamyatin made short work of my explanations. Courteously escorted downstairs, I left the Foreign Ministry for the Soviet-skaya. After breaking the news to my family, and putting in a call to our chief of correspondents in New York, I called the Western news agencies and a number of Western correspondents. It was a final act of ingratitude, I realized later, to try to beat Tass with the news. But I was, as the Soviet papers would say, "a mangy cur" to the end, and the Western agencies were ahead of Tass.

Next I got on the phone to friends in Moscow and my wife's relatives in Britain. They had heard the news on the BBC, and several watching TV had even seen my photograph. My mother-in-law was particularly worried. She questioned me closely, and I tried to conceal my euphoria—but my wife had just arrived from Britain with delicious smoked salmon and cream cheese, and I was chomping ecstatically while I talked. A Soviet photographer for a Western news agency arrived to take more photographs of me, and he was delighted to find me eating cheese and with a suitcase already packed (my wife's, not unpacked yet). He photographed me standing next to it, just as though I were all ready to go.

I wasn't. I had been through the expulsion routine with the Reuters bureau chief who had been declared *persona non grata* (I hadn't rated that distinction; only *Time* was declared *magazina non grata*). There were formalities.

When we all retired that night, I lay awake for a couple of hours insisting to myself that I should rest because we faced a lot of packing. Then I fell asleep—to be awakened almost immediately with a telegram from our New York office saying that I had performed nobly in the service of free journalism. My wife and I rose like automatons to begin packing, though it was only 3 a.m.

The cardboard boxes were in good shape. But the sole Soviet agency allowed to deal with foreigners' chattel



While one branch of the Foreign Ministry was ordering us out, another was dunning us for taxes.

told us it couldn't provide a lift van for several days. This would have displeased the Foreign Ministry; so we scavenged a lift van from the Danish embassy.

Since my wife's British passport was stamped full, I presented it at the British embassy and asked for a new one. Soviet officials were meanwhile calling to ask when I was going to hand in our family's passports so that exit visas could be issued. Without exit visas we would, though expelled, not be permitted to leave—and that would have complicated many people's lives. Finally, the British embassy came through, and we rushed our passports to the visa office.

Next, the Foreign Ministry called to say that naturally I wouldn't be allowed to leave until I paid Soviet income tax for the first four months of 1964. That introduced the paradoxical possibility that the ministry which had ordered me out would require me to stay. I solved the problem by leaving a guarantee deposit behind.

We were generously feted by colleagues—journalists and even diplomats. U. S. Ambassador Foy Kohler came to one farewell party and reported on his bracing a Foreign Ministry official with a protest at our expulsion.

Several American correspondents were kind enough to give us a lovely print of Lenin, and it has been with us ever since. One American reporter laboriously produced a mock copy of *Time* with glorious scenes inside from Lenin's life, and on the cover a wonderful painting of Lenin instead of the Ben Shahn portrait which the real *Time* had featured. "If *Time* had only produced this magazine," he said, presenting it to me, "you wouldn't have been expelled."

A correspondent of Germany's *Der Spiegel* called from



Hotel-room cooking was starting to pall.

Munich and asked me to describe my expulsion: "Were you sitting or standing when Zamyatin read the expulsion order?"

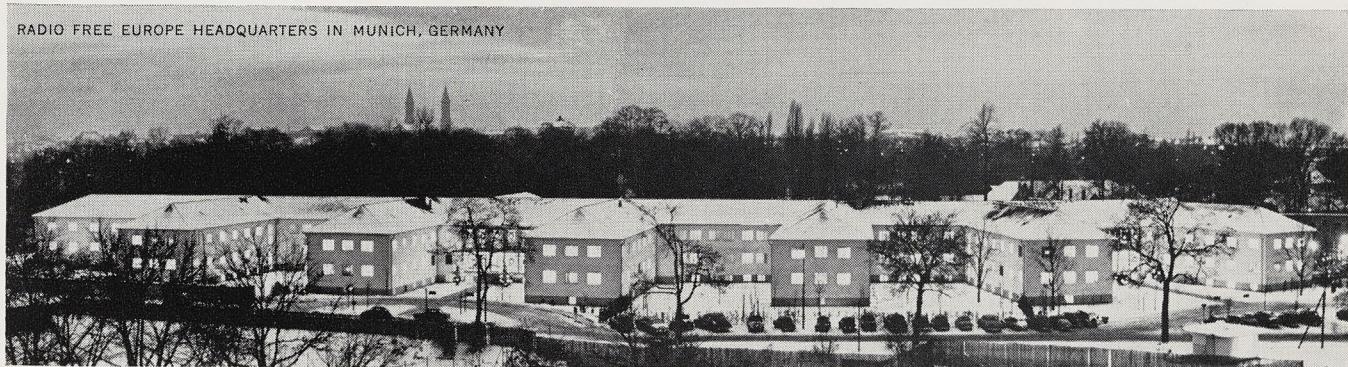
"Sitting," I said.

"Ah," he noted, "when I was expelled three years ago, I had to stand up. So things *have* improved."

Less than three days after the expulsion order, our cardboard boxes had all been stuffed into the Danish lift van, and we were ready to go. A number of friends came to the airport to share the final bottle of champagne.

When I had told the ladies who run the Sovietskaya that we were leaving, after 14 months, they congratulated me on having been given an apartment. I said that we weren't moving to an apartment. We were being expelled. None asked why. None of my daughter's Russian teachers asked why, either. They might have found it hard to understand children cheering at the prospect of leaving—and then crying.

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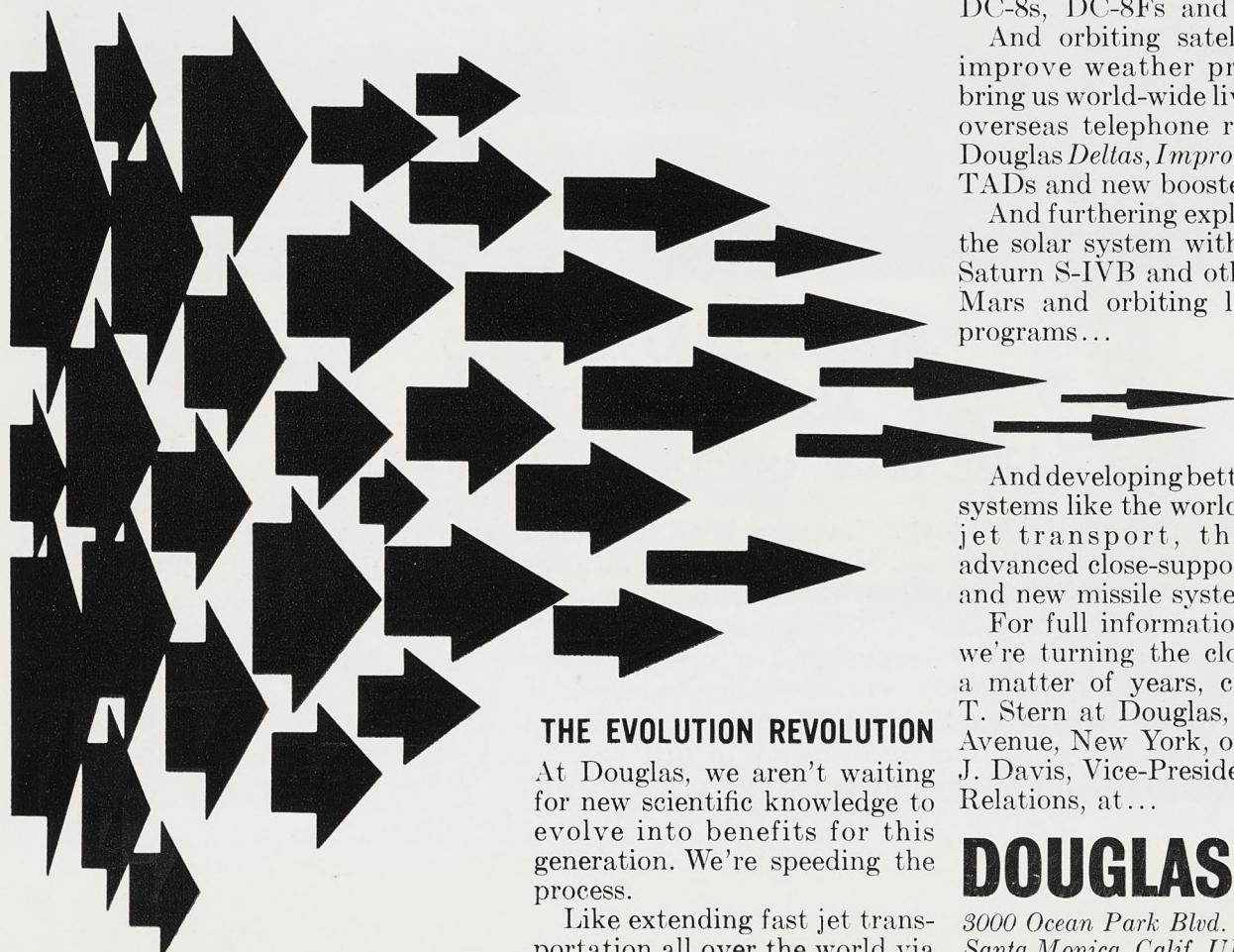
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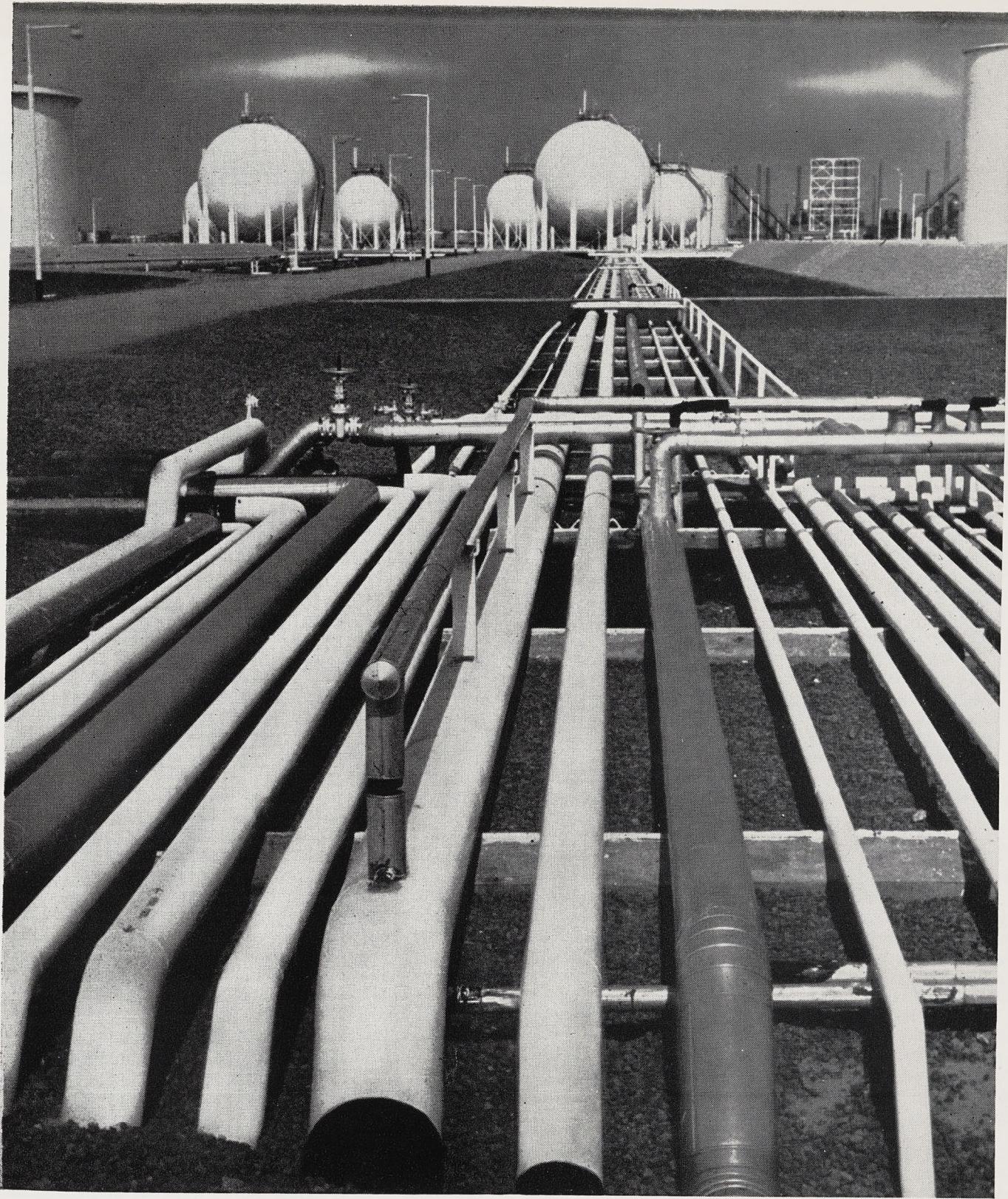
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COMMUTING

BY ERIC BOURNE

Today no newspaper of repute—or its correspondent—has any difficulty getting into Communist Eastern Europe. A trip to Prague, Budapest, or Warsaw no longer depends on “if I can get a visa.” One merely goes to the appropriate embassy, asks for a visa, and gets it with nearly 100% certainty, and in most cases, quickly too. A correspondent regularly “patrolling” the area, as I have for far more than a decade, can, in fact, now think in terms of planning his work ahead, and even of covering the unexpected news break—much as he or his predecessors used to in the days between the wars.

Eastern Europe has changed considerably since the Stalin era with respect to doling out visas to correspondents, if not in other ways that ease a correspondent's work. Under Stalin, Western journalists were looked upon pretty much as “spies,” and the doors were closed to virtually all but Communist sympathizers. An entry visa for a bona fide Western journalist was a rarity. And a journalist could learn almost as much about what was actually going on at the Ritz bar in Paris or a cafe in Vienna as on a trip to the satellites themselves.

In 1949, the Czechoslovak Communists closed down Prague, and I was expelled with a dwindling handful of colleagues who were trying to hang on to the West's last “listening post” in the Soviet bloc. Since then, I have watched Eastern Europe move from the Stalin era through the first “thaw” of the Khrushchev period in the middle 1950s—which brought the first sign of change—and the events of 1956 in Poland and Hungary, which accelerated

Eric Bourne, special correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor for Eastern Europe, has been covering that part of the world since the Communist coup in Prague in February, 1948 (when he was with a London newspaper group). He has been with the Monitor since 1951, roving Eastern Europe, mostly by car, from his base in Vienna.



the change. It was after that when one by one other regimes loosened up.

“Better be written about critically than not written about at all,” a Rumanian press official remarked to me in Bucharest, during a visit on one of the first visas given a Western reporter since King Michael's expulsion nearly nine years before. “After all,” he added, “if we let you in, you can see for yourself that not everything is as black as you in the West paint it.”

It was more than that. Following the post-Stalin breakdown of the old Moscow-managed monolith, the first stirrings of the wish to be less subservient to Moscow and more nationally independent could already be detected in the regimes. A new generation was emerging throughout the bloc and putting the pressure on for a milder, more sensible political climate. Preference for old, traditional links with the West was gaining rebirth. (The realization that tourism—especially in Western hard currencies—is a highly profitable business came later.)

Sixteen years ago I wrote that the worst thing about being a foreign correspondent in an Iron Curtain country is its isolation, and next, “the suspicion—and worse—with which he is regarded when carrying out the most normal requirements of his job.” Technically, the Western reporter's job there is easier now, but the comment is still very largely true of the circumstances and atmosphere in which he operates most of the time.

Access to information and to members of governments and other officials has become a little less difficult. But this still applies mainly to Foreign Offices interested in putting over “coexistence” or such special policies as the Poles' for a denuclearized Central Europe, and to economic ministries charged with promoting trade and technical needs in the West.

The local press is still of woefully limited value except at special times—such as the build-up in the Budapest

ON THE SATELLITE CIRCUIT

Drawing by Frank Ronan

press, for example, on the eve of the uprising, or the daring of the Polish press (since curbed) in the first years of the Gomulka regime.

But certain officials are more easy to reach. It still takes time. How often one is told that "Mr. So-and-So is a very busy man." But it is no good bustling in—as some of the occasionally itinerant armchair "experts" from the West do—announcing "I wish to see the Prime Minister, this minister and that" and departing in an indignant huff when a week passes without anything happening. One needs hard-skinned patience and must accept the fact that East European press departments and ministries just don't work that way.

Ministers especially are still extremely wary of the foreign press. Some press sections are run now by men who have served in their embassies in the U.S. They have learned how American newspapers and reporters work. Some try to be helpful. When one of them says he really has urged a minister to see you, you may be sure that he has, in fact, done all he can.

During a recent, necessarily brief visit of mine to one capital, such a press chief—just home after four years in Washington and New York—persuaded his Foreign Minister to give me an interview on 48-hour notice. Just before I went in, he said: "For heaven's sake, don't ask him about the Sino-Soviet row. It's not in his field, he has no special knowledge of it, and the question will only make him mad and less likely to talk about things which he is handling."

Men like that have often told me—and some I have believed—that their aim is to establish real facilities for information and access for foreign journalists. Occasionally they have complained that "thanks to So-and-So"—and here they mention a Western reporter—who did a "hatchet job" with this kind of interview on some previous occasion, they have not been able to persuade their minister to see another Westerner since.

That, to my knowledge, has sometimes been true. But the argument is not always legitimate. Communist big shots are used to the kid-glove handling and flattery they get from their own press. What we are accustomed to as normal hard-hitting interviewing and reporting is not yet understood or accepted.

On the other hand, I think the regulars on this beat would agree that, within limits and with confidence in fair reporting established by experience, some of these officials in the last few years have endeavored to be approachable and helpful.

Frustrations and obstacles still are frequent. But while you are grappling with these, there are now opportunities—they vary greatly from country to country—for freer circulation among and contact with ordinary people. This still does not go very deep. But it can be useful. Evaluate carefully, or discard the rumor and gossip inevitable in such closed societies, and you accumulate a store of valuable background which illuminates the arid official "explanation."

Yet, outside the half-dozen American and other Western newspapers which have sensibly maintained a consistent interest in covering Eastern Europe for the past 15 years, only a few more have thus far sought to exploit these improved opportunities.

How often one hears it said in the West: "Oh, people know what Eastern Europe's like under Communism. They're not interested any more." Or: "We can do it better from London." The experience of the limited numbers of papers mentioned and one's own experience suggest that none of this stands up to test now any more than it did before.

The "boners" and the over-theorizing perpetrated by outside "experts" in the period would fill several books. One notes that the originators of some of them now seem to believe that a little on-the-spot observation is useful.

Communist officials frequently ask, rather naively, why no Western newspaper elects to station a permanent correspondent in their country. There are strong reasons, of course. It is one thing for the wire services to re-establish themselves—as they have done in some of the East bloc capitals. (Belgrade is obviously a special case. For many years now, the AP and the UPI bureaus—and more recently, Reuters—have been satisfactorily run by local Yugoslavs. A score more Yugoslavs “string” for Western papers as diverse as *Le Monde* and the small Italian dailies in Trieste.)

Apart from Warsaw, where they have staff men, both AP and UPI have local “stringers” functioning more or less freely in Budapest and other bloc centers. These people, of course, have to take certain care. They cannot accept the job without police and Foreign Ministry approval. But they are able to report straightforwardly what is going on and occasionally turn up stories which represent not just the official handout but some legitimate news enterprise.

For a Western newspaper correspondent unconcerned with the run-of-the-mill official news but trying to report in depth, there are bigger problems. Technical facilities are not good. Information services and sources—by which I mean access to hard information and not propaganda—are inadequate or denied and will continue to be so as long as all the important business of government in Eastern Europe continues to be done behind tightly closed party doors.

But above all, the resident foreign correspondent must deal with a total abnormality of living. Posted in a Western—or other sophisticated, non-Communist capital—the

Western reporter quickly adapts to the local life. He becomes part of it, builds up a circle of friends as well as professional contacts. These friends and contacts are a cross-section of a highly diverse society in which he moves at ease.

But this pattern of life is just not possible in a Communist country. True, a reporter today has a few more contacts. Occasionally, he meets one of the intelligent, cultured men who defends a view and seems to be speaking candidly and openly as befits a normal conversation between adults. But such occasions are still rare.

The old hostility is abated, the suspicion not so obvious. But the Western reporter knows he is not accepted. He is still conscious of distrust and skepticism. He never feels “at home” or settled, or part of the scene as the American reporter can in London or the Englishman in New York. He must live and work very much alone.

The confidential relationship which can grow up in a Western capital between a government department and a respected foreign correspondent is out of the question.

Acquaintances in Eastern Europe would say this is the product of the cold war, and that their men suffer similar handicaps in the West. But, in fact, it is the product of the system, and, anyway, their men benefit from being in an “open society,” which the Western reporter in a Communist country certainly is not.

The current trends toward diversity in the bloc, its members’ own rivalries in prestige and public image have certainly contributed to a loosening-up which makes the Iron Curtain assignment less tough than it used to be. But it is still a job done best on a regular, roving basis, with a suitcase and a “bank” of visas in your passport ever at the ready.

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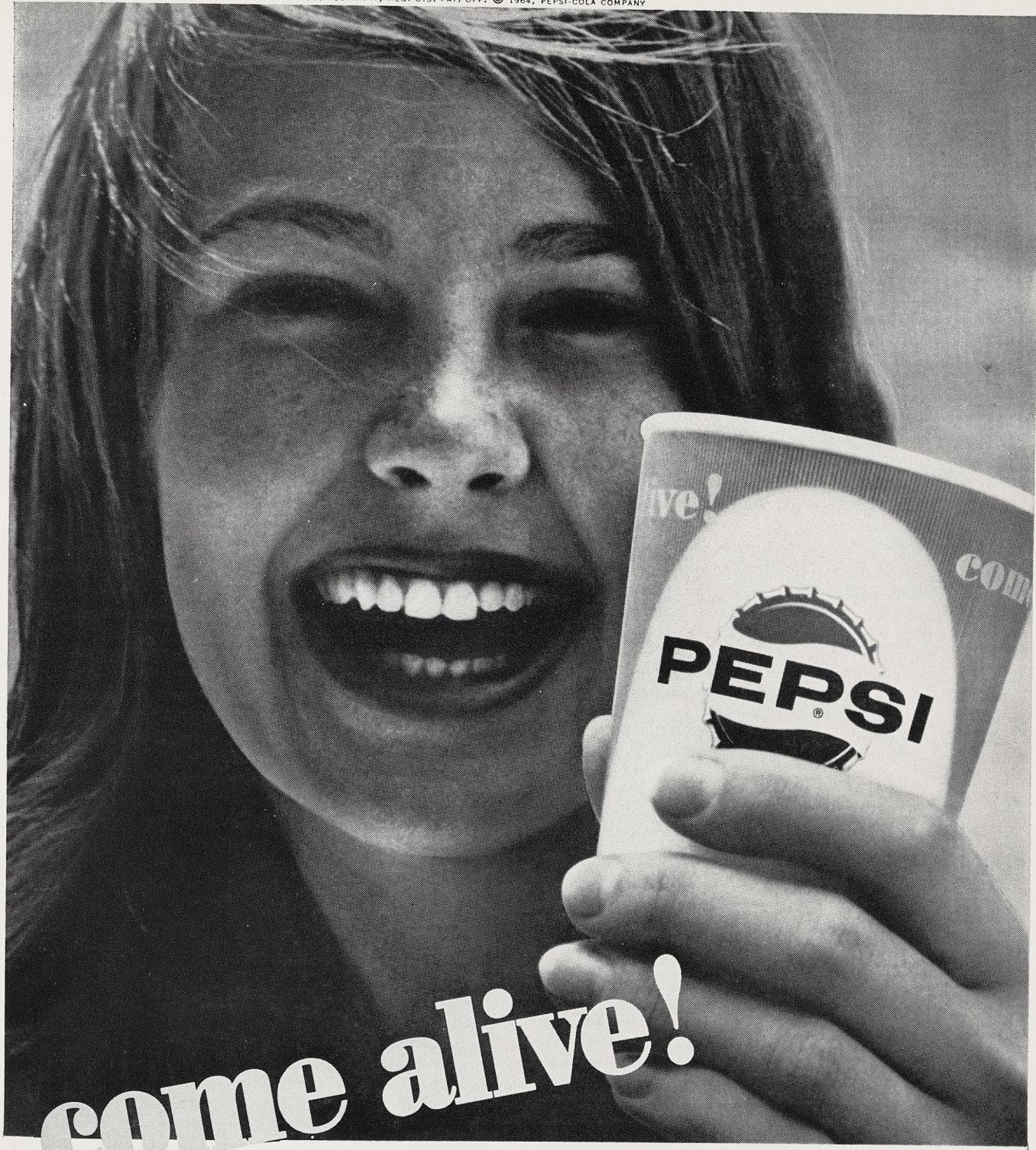
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A GOURMET'S GUIDE TO THE LANDS OF GOULASH COMMUNISM

BY RUSSELL JONES

A good many years ago I knew a man who had spent much of his life traveling through Eastern Europe. His advice to me, as I was about to embark on a similar travel pattern, was to follow the diet he himself observed: boiled eggs for breakfast and boiled beef for lunch and dinner. His argument was that bad eggs can be fried or scrambled but they can't be boiled and that by boiling, even bad beef can be made edible. He never varied this menu, and the only concession he made to local custom was to drink the local spirits: vodka, *slivovic*, *barack*, and *tuica*. This, he said, kept his stomach in good shape, and during all the years I knew him, it was.

Things have changed in Eastern Europe since then, but eating can still be an adventure. For those who worry about their stomachs, boiled eggs and boiled beef are recommended.

Although there are great differences from country to country in the Communist bloc, some things are generally true of all of them. One is that there are frequent and recurrent shortages. At the time of this writing, for example, both Poland and Czechoslovakia have weekly meatless days, and in all of the Communist area, veal is virtually unheard of at any time. For some reason, ordinary black pepper seems to disappear as soon as Communism takes over, and it is always in short supply. Another thing the East European nations have in common is that foods for which a country may be justifiably famous are frequently unobtainable on the home grounds; they are being exported for hard currencies. For instance, Hungarian salami and Pilsner beer are generally a lot

Russell Jones, 47, American Broadcasting Co. correspondent for Germany, has spent most of the years since World War II in Eastern Europe, and has a lifelong interest in food (he and wife, Martha, own more than 70 cookbooks). Jones won the Pulitzer, George Polk, and Sigma Delta Chi awards for coverage of the 1956 Hungarian revolt.

easier to get in New York than in Budapest or Prague.

If one were to rate the national cuisines of the Communist countries, the list in descending order would be Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and sharing the bottom, Rumania, the Soviet Union, and Bulgaria.

Hungary rates top position because it has a truly national cuisine, and not one imported from abroad, despite the historical tides of invaders. Hungarians have also always been more interested in food than other East Europeans. Until the Communists took over, Hungarian beef was among the best to be had anywhere in Europe, and Hungarian farmers exported to Strasbourg the goose livers that became the famed *paté de foie gras*. Fresh goose liver still is one of the most sought-after delicacies in Budapest.

Contrary to the popular notion, paprika has not always been an integral part of Hungarian cooking (it was introduced to the country in the late 18th Century), but it is true that paprika, usually sweet but sometimes sharp, is now used in almost everything. One exception is in preparing *fogas*, a fish which the Hungarians claim lives only in Lake Balaton. Whether or not the claim is accurate (the dictionary says *fogas* is a perch), it is an excellent fish and usually roasted whole. But exceptions aside, Hungarian food is only for those who like paprika. It is in or on stews, schnitzels, salads, eggs—just about everything.

As part of the "liberalization" of recent years, the Hungarian regime has used food both at home and abroad as a lure for tourists. Restaurants in Budapest and in the resort areas have been given priority in obtaining supplies of all kinds, and the quality of service, china, glass, and linen, as well as of food, has been raised to a positively capitalistic level. Abroad, the Hungarian government has opened restaurants in a number of West European cities. The idea apparently is that people who have tasted Hungarian food will want to visit Hungary.

While in Hungary, if you like strong spirits, *barack*,



Drawing by Milton Caniff

an apricot brandy, has a strong, clean taste. *Egri Bikaver*, or bull's blood, is one of the best red wines in the world; *Balaton Riesling* is more than potable; expert advice should be sought before drinking the famous *Tokays*—there are too many varieties to sort out.

Eating in Poland can be an adventure in more ways than one. In the Krokodyl, a Warsaw cabaret restaurant, it costs nine zlotys (36 cents) if the diner lights the candle that graces his table. In the Raritas, one of the city's top eating places, a customer on the main floor may find a piece of paper in his soup. It will be an order placed by a diner on the balcony and dropped over the rail by the waiter—perhaps to be picked up and delivered to the kitchen. Throughout Poland, chicken kiev is a specialty, but in Poznan it is truly something out of the ordinary. In that city, this dish, which is breast of chicken rolled in a tube, stuffed with butter, dipped in batter and fried in deep fat, comes with a straw. Its purpose is to suck out the melted butter. Despite the Russian name for the dish, the Poles claim it as their own, but the truth is that

like many recipes found in Eastern Europe, it was invented by a French chef working for one of the great noble families. Polish *borsch* is excellent, especially when served clear and with *piroshki*, the small meat-stuffed pastries resembling ravioli. Service in Poland is awful.

There is really only one thing to drink in Poland and that is vodka. Most people will agree that it is far better than the Russian. For those with a taste for the exotic, there's *pieprzowka*, vodka with a hot pepper in it, or *zubrowka*, vodka with buffalo grass. As in Hungary, beer in Poland is better left unmentioned.

Food in Bohemia and Moravia, the western and central Czech states, is pretty much the same as in Germany—heavy, filling, and not for the diet conscious. The one national specialty is *knedliky* or dumplings, sometimes made of bread and eaten with gravy, sometimes made with plums (*svestkovy knedliky*) or apricots (*merunkovy knedliky*) and eaten with sugar and curds. There is also something called Rumpsteak Jackson, but I never figured out who Mr. Jackson was or how this differs from any other rumpsteak. Czech beer is the best in the world—if you

can get it, which you usually can't—and *slivovic* is a very drinkable plum brandy. In Slovakia, the third of the states, the best that can be said of the cooks is that they try to be as Hungarian as possible.

There are some of us who travel in Eastern Europe who will argue that the Yugoslav kitchen ranks before either the Czech or the Polish, and if you have eaten *cevapcici* in the Skadarlija quarter of Belgrade, it's an argument that's hard to resist. These tight-packed fingers of chopped meat are a gastronomic delight. Like the Bulgars, Greeks, and Rumanians, the Yugoslavs owe much of their kitchen to the Turks who occupied their land so long. As in Turkey, eggplant is cooked in a variety of ways and, of course, there is real Turkish coffee. In addition, the Yugoslavs have benefited from their contacts with the Austrians and the Hungarians. The best way to eat *cevapcici* on a hot summer day is to wash it down with local white wine splashed with soda water. The *slivovic* is as good or better than that in Czechoslovakia.

Once east of Belgrade, you've entered a gustatory wasteland. The Rumanians pride themselves on their somewhat doubtful Latin heritage, but when it comes to cooking, they have little in common with the Italians or the French. The best known item on a Rumanian menu is *mititei*, and the best that can be said for it is that it tastes like *cevapcici* gone bad. Even bread—which is good in other satellite countries—is bad in Rumania. Like the other countries of the bloc, Rumania suffers from shortages. Despite the long Black Sea coast, fish is virtually unheard of, even in the ports and beach resorts. The Rumanians invented pastrami, but it's almost impossible to find. In all fairness,

however, it should be said that there are few pleasanter places than the many garden restaurants of Bucharest, especially those with gypsy bands. *Tuica*, the local plum brandy, isn't bad. The wine is, and it's expensive.

Bulgarian food derives from the Russian and the Turkish, and it's safe to say it combines the worst features of each. As the slowest of the satellites to catch on to the twin drive to liberalize and to bring in Western hard currencies, Bulgaria's Communist masters still seem to think there is something suspicious about anyone who wants to eat well. The Bulgarians have spent millions developing their Black Sea coast to lure Western tourists, but little attention has been paid to restaurants there or in the cities. Bulgarians are properly famous as truck gardeners, and their tomatoes, peas, paprika, and other vegetables are sold far and wide—but not at home for soft currency. There is nothing in Bulgaria to interest a gastronome.

Chances are that everyone thinks of caviar and vodka when he thinks of Moscow, and that's the way it should be. Anything else that might be served in a Moscow restaurant is better if you eat it some place outside the Soviet Union. In fact, the prize Russian caviar comes from Iran, and Russian vodka is second to the Polish. Nikita Khrushchev once said that Moscow's Praga restaurant was the best in the world. While certainly the best in Moscow, the Praga wouldn't last a month in Budapest, a week in New York, or through dinner time in Paris. The fact that Khrushchev chose New York as the place to make this remark might indicate why he is no longer with us. Anyone who can be that wrong about food can be awfully wrong about a lot of things.

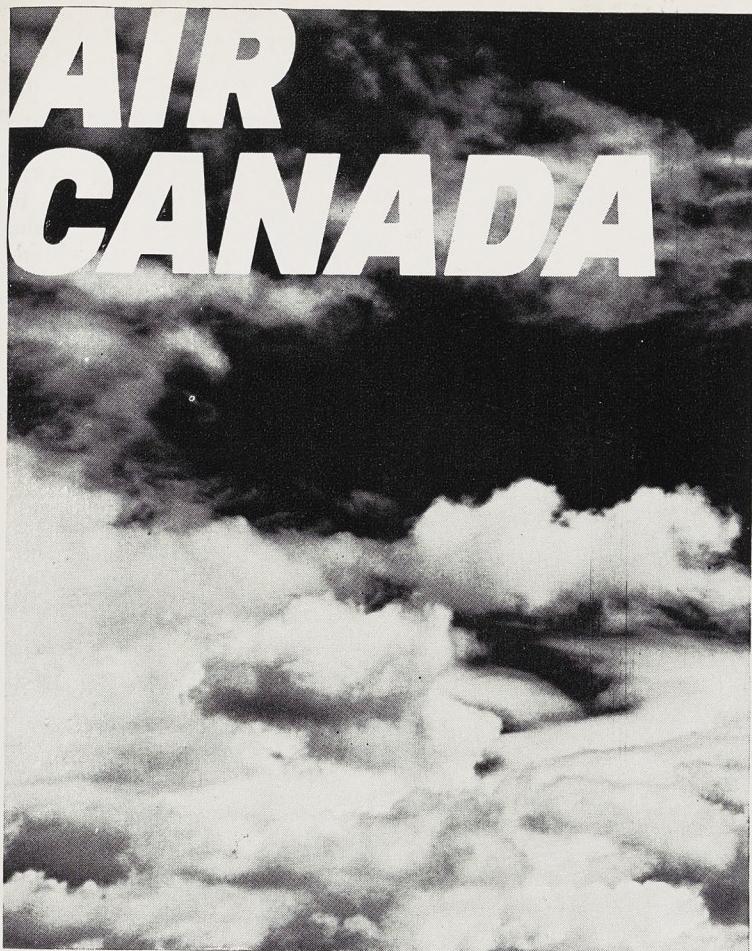


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COVERING THE COMMUNISTS

MARXISM WITH A LATIN

BY JUAN DE ONIS

There are certain advantages to covering Communism in the Caribbean sunshine. Take the setting. Whatever changes Fidel Castro's Socialist revolution has wrought, and they are considerable, Cuba is not gray, and its people are not drab. This is a warm, fertile, and luminous land. There is a natural excitement to its beauty. The swiftness of a tropical sunset on the Sierra Maestra or the violence of an electric storm reverberating through the narrow tobacco valleys of Pinar del Rio is memorable. So is the intensity of the sunlight that bathes Havana at mid-day, mysteriously erasing some of its shabbiness.

Nights in Havana have a nervous throb about them. There is a bouncy night life, with hotel shows and clubs operating all over town, and there are plenty of cultural diversions, including modern theater, ballet, folk dancing, symphony and chamber concerts, art showings, and cine-

Juan de Onis, 37, was in Cuba for four months for the New York Times during 1964. Before joining the Times, de Onis covered Latin America for the United Press from 1951 to 1957. He received the OPC award for Latin American coverage in 1963 and the Maria Moors Cabot award in the same year. He is now based in Rio de Janeiro.



BEAT

ma. Anyone who has missed the good European films of two years ago can catch them here on their first runs. Sports enthusiasts can have fun too, watching baseball at the Latin American Park or putting a few pesos on the noses of their favorites at the state racetrack. Hotel pools and beaches abound for swimmers.

From the point of view of physical comfort, Havana is no hardship for the foreign correspondent on an adequate expense account. A steady diet of rum may be monotonous, but friends in the diplomatic corps will always turn up with offerings of Scotch and vodka.

The hotels are fine. The best—the Havana Libre and Capri, which are close to the center of town, and the Riviera, which is further out on the Malecon or ocean boulevard—have air-conditioned rooms with adequate services for 10 to 14 pesos a day. (Official rate: one peso for one dollar.) And food is no problem either. One can always get a good full-course meal in the better restaurants for five to seven pesos, although it isn't so easy to find a snack or a quick sandwich.

Getting around is not hard. There are taxi stands at the major hotels, and a taxi can often be flagged down in the street just as in New York. Buses are crowded, but frequent, and a car can be hired for about 25 pesos a day,



LOOK Photo

Communist regimentation never quite gains the upper hand when it vies with the Cuban temperament—warm, vivacious, and fun-loving.

although the drivers don't like to go outside Havana. Airline travel to all major cities of the interior has to be reserved a day or two in advance, and so does space in interurban buses.

The real problems facing the foreign correspondent in Cuba begin when he gets around to reporting and filing the news. Most correspondents will file out of Havana by cable or telephone, and both services are under the control of the Ministry of Interior. The police read your cables in the cable office, and telephone calls are monitored. I know of one case where a cable was delayed for clearance before being passed on orders from above.

At times, cable and telephone circuits are "interrupted" for lengthy periods, but a correspondent is not advised of cable delays, when they occur, or why circuits are down. Circuits were cut once for several hours because of a shooting incident in front of the Algerian Embassy. A correspondent could be harassed to the point of making his presence in Cuba useless through this system, if the authorities so choose. But in general, copy moves out without explicit restrictions, and since there are no rules, a correspondent must be guided by his own judgment and conscience.

As an individual and as a news source, the Cuban is vital, humorous, and generally loquacious. He likes to communicate personal experiences and feelings, and every Cuban seems to have his or her own revolutionary tale to tell. A visitor who is willing to listen quickly gathers a wealth of material. The revolution has shown how big a role emotion can play in leading Cubans on a radical political venture, and by the same token, Cubans can't be sat upon and silenced now. Their love of talk hasn't been suppressed by the regime's security measures.

The problem is to sort out all the talk, to evaluate it, to measure what people say against what they do, and to relate the fragments of individual viewpoints to a set of general judgments. This poses more than the usual difficulties in Cuba today, because people say very contradictory things.

There are enthusiasts of the revolution who are ambitious and glib with half-digested notions of Marxism-Leninism as they think it applies to the Cuban situation. There are regime puppets who are ever watchful for "negative" or "counter-revolutionary" attitudes among their fellow workers, students, or neighbors. And there is no margin of tolerance for political dissent.

It is hard to gauge what role fear plays exactly in hold-

ing public attitudes to the official line, but open criticism of the leadership by the rank and file is outlawed, despite frequent individual outbursts at worker assemblies. But in fact, there seems to be more emphasis on moral persuasion today than on strong-arm tactics. A comment I have frequently heard lately is that "there is less fear than six months ago." Nevertheless, the jails and correctional farms still hold political prisoners—from 15,000 of them (official figure) to 40,000 (conservative opposition estimate)—and sabotage or subversion still end in swift execution.

At close look, it is quickly apparent that there are some moderating political currents within the revolutionary movement even under Premier Castro's maximum leadership. Some of the faithful who declare that they are "with Fidel all the way" say privately that they are weary of all-night guard duty, tedious political assemblies, administrative bungling, and the political opportunism of revolutionary "climbers." They say further that they would like to see the revolution settle down, get organized, and work out an "honorable peace" with the U.S. Undoubtedly Fidel Castro, the ultimate arbiter in revolutionary matters, plays an adroit political game, sustaining the zealots but accommodating the moderates—the moderates that are left, that is, because many parted with the revolution in the critical days of late 1959 to 1961.

Today, an engineer in Cuba is valued as a producer, not for his verbal militancy. The production problems of the regime have given the revolution a more rational and self-critical outlook. Castro himself has about said that the revolution's main "political" problems now are increased sugar production and the elimination of the ration system for food and apparel. The Soviet Union can provide only marginal assistance in these areas, and it is Cuban management and sweat that will decide the issue.

Cuban intellectuals form an interesting group and one of the most accessible to a foreign correspondent. The regime has made a determined effort to retain the goodwill of Cuban cultural notables, and official cultural policy has been very "liberal" by Communist standards. The state provides generous support for cultural activities, such as the publishing enterprise Editora Nacional, managed by Alejo Carpentier, Cuba's outstanding novelist, or the national ballet; and Cuba's creative artists have been nurtured more on existentialism, Paul Klee, Jackson Pollock, Ionesco, and avant-garde European cinema than on "socialist realism," although no "rebel" artists raise real questions.

In general, what is being produced out of the revolution is trash: short stories glorifying the security police, Communist morality plays in the Chinese style, or bad murals of bricklayers happily surpassing production norms.

The visitor who doesn't need to reconcile "commitment" to the revolution with the exercise of critical faculties can easily judge the one-sidedness of the propaganda picture. Take education, one of the most sacred themes of the revolution. The mass education program mounted by the regime is certainly a great accomplishment. There are 1,200,000 children in grade schools that provide a place for every eligible child on the island, but the brightest symbols are the 100,000 scholarship students in the state high schools and universities.

I remember visiting a block in Havana where there were two elegant residences of the kind the state has been taking from owners who have gone into exile. One of the

houses had been converted into a dormitory for young state scholarship students. They were studying at a technological institute and were headed, eventually, for important jobs in the state enterprises. Many were from poor families. They were bright, eager, and grateful.

The other house had been made into a crowded, common hostel for wives and children of small farmers who had been arrested. The wives weren't sure why. Some of the farmers may have been arrested for giving food or shelter to "counter-revolutionaries" in their rural districts. Or perhaps they were caught making illegal produce sales on the black market instead of delivering their food quotas to a state agency. The farmers were undergoing "rehabilitation" as agricultural laborers on a state farm. They may eventually be reunited with their families, but not with their old land, which now belongs to the state.

Obviously, the scholarship students voiced a very different revolutionary outlook than the farm wives just a few doors away, although both groups are technically undergoing "socialist education."

A revolution, a social upheaval, and a political system that produces such drastic changes, that rends family and personal relations, generate strong feelings. The hatreds accumulated against the Batista dictatorship in the "old days" color the views of many in Cuba today. Yet, there are many others in Cuba—and the revolution has been in power only six years—whose views have hardened with new hatreds against the new leaders.

A major obstacle to interpreting what is happening in Cuba and where the revolution is headed is the relative inaccessibility of the top leadership to a resident Western correspondent. Cuba's foreign press policy has become relatively liberal in the past year, and it is no great problem for an accredited correspondent to obtain a visa. A correspondent has freedom of movement, not only in Havana, but elsewhere, and with a Foreign Ministry press card he can get into state farms, factories, and even military bases.

However, it is extremely difficult to get through the doors of a minister's office to get answers to serious questions. It is equally difficult to establish any normal working relations with government offices, except for the always agreeable but subordinate group at the Ministry of Foreign Relations Information Division, which handles foreign correspondents.

What contacts there are with the hierarchy are usually an occasional social encounter. Mr. Castro often uses a diplomatic reception as the occasion for an improvised press conference with the foreign press. He likes these informal encounters. Other high officials can sometimes be collared at these receptions or local ceremonies, but they rarely will talk business. Regino Boti, when he was still running the Central Planning Board (he is now in charge of a dairy farm), was very forthright when I asked to visit him in his offices, the economic nerve center of the administration. "What for? We aren't going to tell you anything," he said.

The foreign correspondent in Cuba is therefore deprived of access to any meaningful economic and social statistics or comprehensive policy papers in a country where central economic planning dominates all activities. Bits and pieces of the Cuban jigsaw puzzle have to be slowly assembled from scattered fragments of information, and some holes can be filled by dead reckoning. But the big picture always remains tentative.

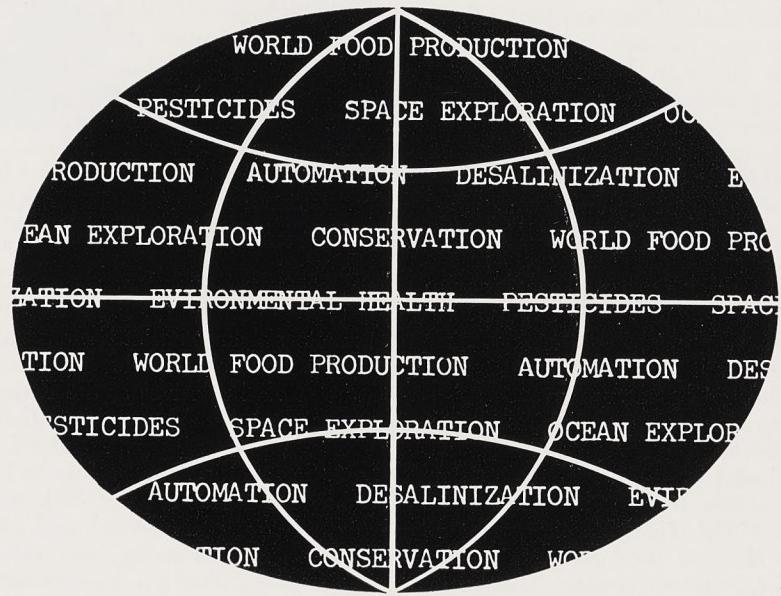
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WHAT GOOD IS KREMLINOLOGY?

BY COLETTE SHULMAN

One day a couple of months ago a friend stopped me cold by asking, "Did you Kremlinologists foresee the fall of Khrushchev?" I had to admit that most of us who work in the Soviet field did not predict the fall of Khrushchev—or at least did not predict it for that time—and that many of us did not even know it was in the offing. My friend went on, "What good then is Kremlinology?"

Kremlinology is an art and not a science. In the overall field of Soviet studies, the Kremlinologist is a pathfinder. His value lies in that he is forever venturing into the unexplored, and while his wanderings may and often do take him onto barren ground—or even worse, around in circles—they occasionally lead him into very fertile countryside. There, if he is a good pathfinder, he makes his special contribution by paving the way for others to follow.

In the early years after the war, Kremlinology was mainly a matter of studying whom Stalin promoted and demoted and who stood a fair chance of inheriting power. Careful note was taken then of which men stood next to Stalin on the Lenin Mausoleum on state occasions, whose names and portraits came after Stalin's in official listings, who attended or was absent from various ceremonial gatherings. Sometimes a single irregularity in the highly stylized patterns of political protocol was enough to indicate that a high official had fallen into disfavor. So it was in the immediate post-Stalin period that Lavrenty Beria's demise was signaled by his absence from the list of leaders attending the Bolshoi Theater one evening.

Even now, 12 years after Beria, there is nothing accidental in the listing of names and the hanging of portraits. Kremlinologists were reminded of this when Nikita Sergeyevich's portrait came down from the front of the Moskva Hotel on the night of Oct. 15. The old dependable signals were all there in Moscow then and performing brilliantly—the failure of *Izvestia* to appear at its usual 6 p.m., the black limousine parked in front of the Central Committee headquarters, the absence of Khrushchev from the day's official functions (for Cuban President Dorticos).

On less eventful days, there is no doubt that the "old dependables" of Kremlinology have lost much of their dependability. Nowadays, if Kosygin does not appear at the Bolshoi when all his colleagues are there, it could be because he is vacationing, out of town on business, attending to work at his desk, or simply down with a cold. His absence from a major ceremonial occasion might be

important, but one can no longer be sure without a good deal more substantial evidence.

And here is where developments within the Soviet Union and the Communist world as a whole have come to the aid of all Sovietologists, including the Kremlinologists. The last decade has brought increasing access to people and materials—to diverse sources of information. Western correspondents, diplomats, scientists, and others have all had more contact with Russians than they did in the early 1950s, and a few have managed to probe quite deeply into Soviet life. By far their greatest contribution has been in making us aware of the complexities of Soviet society and the atmosphere in which the Soviet leaders make their decisions.

Events since 1956 have obliged the Russians and their allies to articulate their positions in a number of areas as well. The most important of these events has been the Sino-Soviet dispute. Through the polemic exchanges between the two sides, we have learned something about the military relationship between the Soviet Union and Communist China, about the Chinese request for nuclear assistance and the Soviet decision when to give such aid and when to stop giving it.

The growing independence from Moscow of the foreign Communist parties has led to such revealing statements as the Togliatti Memorandum, which was openly critical of Soviet policies in many areas, and it has led to such bold initiatives as the French and Italian Communist missions to Moscow to learn the reasons for Khrushchev's fall. Thanks to these Communists, we have a better idea of the specific charges that were leveled against Khrushchev by his colleagues, although to judge by the statements which the French and Italians made on returning home from Moscow, even they were unable to get the full story. Foreign Communists, too, must engage in Kremlinology.

During the entire Khrushchev era, one of our best sources of information on Khrushchev was Nikita Sergeyevich himself. He talked about his pet policies, for example, repeatedly and ebulliently. One has only to mention the words "fertilizer, chemicals, and corn" to bring to mind countless passages of Khrushchevian prose that were intended to stir the country into action. ("You work well, but you are not making use of all of corn's possibilities. Corn is indeed a mighty crop.") Scattered among his



Photo by George Woodruff

Colette Shulman was on the staff of the UPI's Moscow bureau for several years. Now free-lancing, she does a weekly television program on the Soviet press for WGBH-TV, Boston's educational station. She is married to Marshall Shulman, a "Kremlinologist" in Cambridge, Mass.

or near best, one has only to read the discussion in *Problems of Communism*, a scholarly USIA bi-monthly (issue of Sept.-Oct., 1963), on "How Strong is Khrushchev?" One of three participants, Carl Linden, patiently collated the available signs of internal conflict and perceptively put his finger on the issues which, as he said, "returned again and again in various garbs" to plague Khrushchev after 1957. He also set forth his evidence in a framework which admitted the possibility that Khrushchev might be overthrown, although he did not predict it as inevitable. How much more helpful this was than the superficial, irresponsible kind of Kremlinology sometimes encountered in the popular press, which tended to measure Khrushchev's weakness in terms of how intensely Marshal Malinovsky glowered over Nikita's shoulder at the break-up of the Paris summit conference in 1960.

Sometimes, the suggestion comes up that the Kremlinologist has been rendered obsolete by two major developments of recent years: the growing power of Communist China, and the loosening and opening up of the Communist world. Instead, it is suggested that what we need now are Sinologists. We do need them, and they are coming along. A few young scholars in this country are learning both Russian and Chinese, and they will be equipped one day to span developments in both countries. But for quite a while to come, the Soviet Union and Communist China each will require its own special experts.

Yet even these experts must have a thoroughly international approach to their fields, in keeping with the new trend toward Communist "polycentrism." Each must follow what Luigi Longo has been saying to the Italian Communist Party, what Fidel Castro, Tito, and Ulbricht are up to, and what is going on in the Indonesian and Indian Communist parties, for all of these "national Communisms" have a bearing on decisions made in Moscow and Peking.

As for the notion that the Soviet Union has opened up sufficiently to dispense with Kremlinology and permit regular methods of research such as one would use in studying Western politics—this is just not yet the case. We are still dealing with an essentially closed society and a political elite whose inner life resists penetration, and we still depend heavily on Kremlinological pathfinders to point out new areas of exploration and sniff out the possibilities.

exhortations were numerous small hints of the fighting in the Presidium—clues to issues on which he had already met opposition or on which he felt himself vulnerable. ("We had a very intense struggle in the leadership," he said of the decision to condemn Stalin in 1956. Last year he told the Central Committee: "I want to stress and all comrades must understand this: chemistry is not a fad"—which, of course, meant that some comrades did not understand and went along only reluctantly with his grandiose plan for the chemical industry.)

Remarks such as these helped us to identify the controversial issues within the Presidium, but they gave us only little clues to the internal differences of the leadership. Now, without Khrushchev, we are getting even fewer clues, because his successors are striving to preserve a collective anonymity that is both unrevealing and colorless. Before too long, however, as it becomes increasingly difficult for the new men to withstand the strains and compromises of "collectivity," cracks may begin to appear in the collective facade, and we may get some glimpses into individual differences.

To judge how useful Kremlinology can be at its best



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- Class 12* Robert Capa Award for superlative photography, still or motion, requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad.
- Class 13* George Polk Memorial Award for best reporting, any medium, requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad.

Best daily newspaper or wire service reporting from abroad



SAUL PETT of the Associated Press is known as one of journalism's finest turners of phrase, but one who puts his hand only to the best of materials—the solid facts. For the dual virtues of skillful writing and hard reporting, the judges selected his 1964 series, "The Congo Story," for top honors and specially cited the six AP correspondents who formed Pett's reporting team. Sharing the honors with Pett are **Andrew Borowiec, Robin Mannock, Kenneth L. Whiting, John Latz, Dennis Royle, and Lynn Heinzerling.**

Pett, now 47, joined AP in 1946 after a boyhood in Passaic, N.J., a student's life at the University of Missouri School of Journalism, and six years with International News Service in Detroit, Chicago, and New York. Normally assigned to AP Newsfeatures in New York, his beat has become the world, from the South Pole to Hudson's Bay. To "The Congo Story" he brought firsthand background—in 1960 he covered its liberation, in 1964 the violence of its struggle.

Borowiec, who survived the Warsaw uprising at age 15, has been AP's North African correspondent since 1962. Mannock, a Britisher with five years abroad for Reuters, joined AP in 1962 and wrote from Leopoldville. Whiting, a New Englander, has been in Africa for AP since 1961. Latz, ex-British army parachutist, has called Africa his home since 1949. Royle is a reporter-photographer who holds an OPC citation for pictures of the shooting of South African Prime Minister Hendrick F. Verwoerd in 1960. He joined AP in 1943 and has been based in Africa since 1961. Senior member was Heinzerling, with 27 years of AP foreign service and a Pulitzer Prize for African reporting in 1960.

Best daily newspaper or wire service photographic reporting from abroad

AKIHIKO OKAMURA, former Tokyo medical student turned photographer, early in his career became known to other Southeast Asian correspondents as "the mystery man." In Laos, barefoot and alone, he faded into the Pathet Lao areas, lived and suffered with the people. An Asian among Asians, he got closer to the Laotian spirit, his colleagues concede, than any Westerner. For much the same close-in work in Vietnam, the judges chose his picture story in *Life* last June 12—"Little War Far Away and Very Ugly"—as the year's best still photographic reporting.

Okamura calls the late Robert Capa his inspiration for turning to photo journalism, and cites his own "dark memory" of childhood terror in Tokyo under World War II bombing attack as the source of his compelling urge to tell the painful story of war through pictures.

When Capa's book, "Slightly Out of Focus," was published in Japan, young Okamura was embarked on a medical career. Enthralled by Capa's work, he immediately quit his studies and turned to the camera. First efforts, to be sure, were awkward. "Completely out of focus," says Okamura. But the Pan-Asia Newspaper Alliance gave him his chance—four months of photographic training and a roaming assignment throughout Southeast Asia.

Early assignments were mostly feature stories. Okamura's career as a war photographer took fire when, with a Japanese flag strapped to his shoulder for sniper protection, he disappeared into the Laotian bush. The experience, both there and later in Korea, prepared him for Vietnam. Overcoming what he calls "beginner's fear," he reverted to his Laotian tactics, was able to slip out of Saigon and "smell out" the war alone.



Best television reporting from abroad

FRANK BOURGHOLTZER, chief of the NBC News Moscow bureau, left Moscow in the winter of 1963 when the Soviet government, angered by NBC specials on Stalin and Khrushchev, closed the bureau. Early this year, the bureau reopened, and Bourgholtzer returned as chief. While away from Moscow, he worked out of Paris on a variety of assignments—the Yemeni war among them.

For his filmed account of the struggle by the Yemeni Royalists against Nasser's United Arab Republic, Bourgholtzer receives this year's OPC Award for best television reporting. Said the judges: "Bourgholtzer's series of film reports, highlighted with memorable narration which captured all phases of a small but ugly war, represent the highest standards of the foreign correspondent."

For tall, soft-spoken Bourgholtzer, whose 19 years as an NBC News correspondent have been spent largely among the civilities of Washington, Paris, Bonn, Vienna, and Moscow, his award-winning assignment was something of a departure. For 23 days he and his camera crew lived with tribal fighters in caves, traversed the Yemen sands more often on camels and donkeys than on wheels, frequently dodged bullets and Arab bombs.

Born in New York 45 years ago, schooled at Indiana University, Bourgholtzer joined NBC News in 1946 after three years with the *Wall Street Journal*. He was assigned to the network's Washington staff, shortly became its White House correspondent. Most memorable event in that period of his career came when he persuaded President Truman, the pianist, to play the gold piano in the East Room for his TV audience.



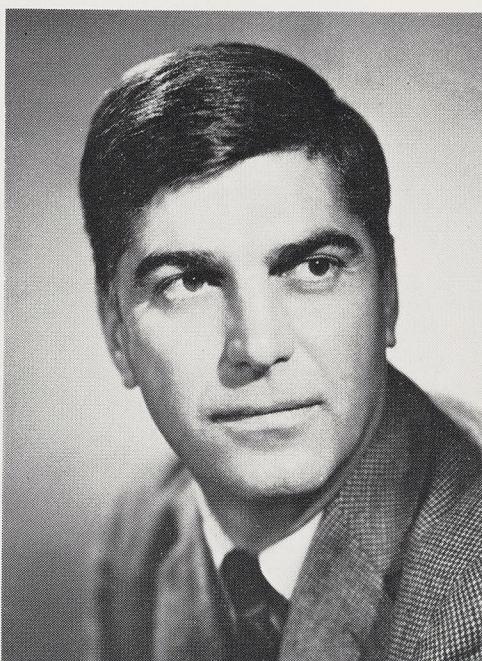
Best radio reporting from abroad

DEAN BRELIS, NBC News' Mideast correspondent, has a beat that has taken him from Casablanca to Calcutta, through Africa to cover Chinese Premier Chou En-Lai's trip, to India for Pope Paul VI's historic visit, to major news breaks in Greece, Turkey, Iraq, Israel, and Egypt. Last year it took him to Cyprus, and brought him an OPC award.

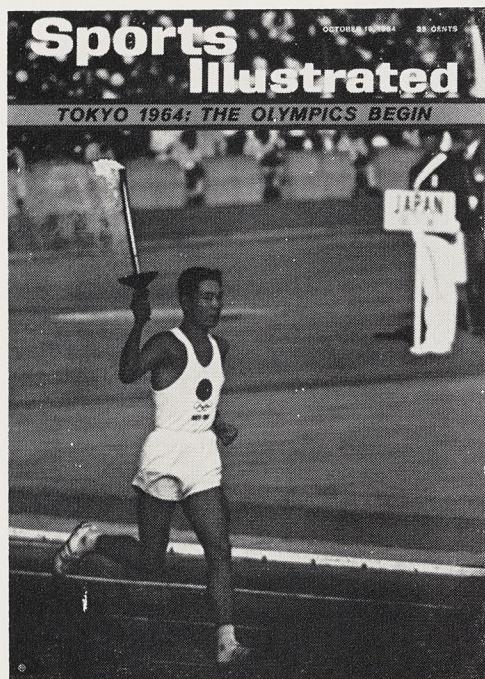
"Brelis's broadcasts to the NBC network were reporting at its finest," the OPC awards committee said. "His efforts . . . focused in the critical period from February to April of 1964 . . . brought clarity out of the confusion . . . His on-the-spot pieces were delivered under the most dangerous of wartime conditions."

In the heat of the Cyprus action, Brelis and a group of other correspondents earned a special distinction: They broke up a blazing gunfight between Greek and Turkish Cypriots by waving their handkerchiefs and walking between the firing lines. Brelis and his party merely wanted to get from the Turkish side to the Greek side to round out their reporting. "When things quieted down," Brelis recalls, "tempers cooled, and soon the engagement was broken off."

For Brelis, 41, the Cyprus assignment was one more step in a varied career as soldier (Bronze Star for behind-enemy-lines duty in North Burma), author (three novels, two non-fiction works), scholar (Harvard '49, Nieman Fellow in 1958), reporter (*Boston Globe*), and, of course, foreign correspondent. From the *Globe*, Brelis went with *Time* and *Life*, seeing duty in Southeast Asia, the Pacific Northwest, Rome. After a domestic stint with CBS, he joined NBC News as a correspondent in July, 1963.



Best magazine reporting from abroad



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED had its quadrennial big chance in 1964—the ultimate in sports events, the Winter and Summer Olympics—and it made the most of it. The scope of its coverage won hands-down acclaim of OPC's magazine judges this year over contenders in all other fields.

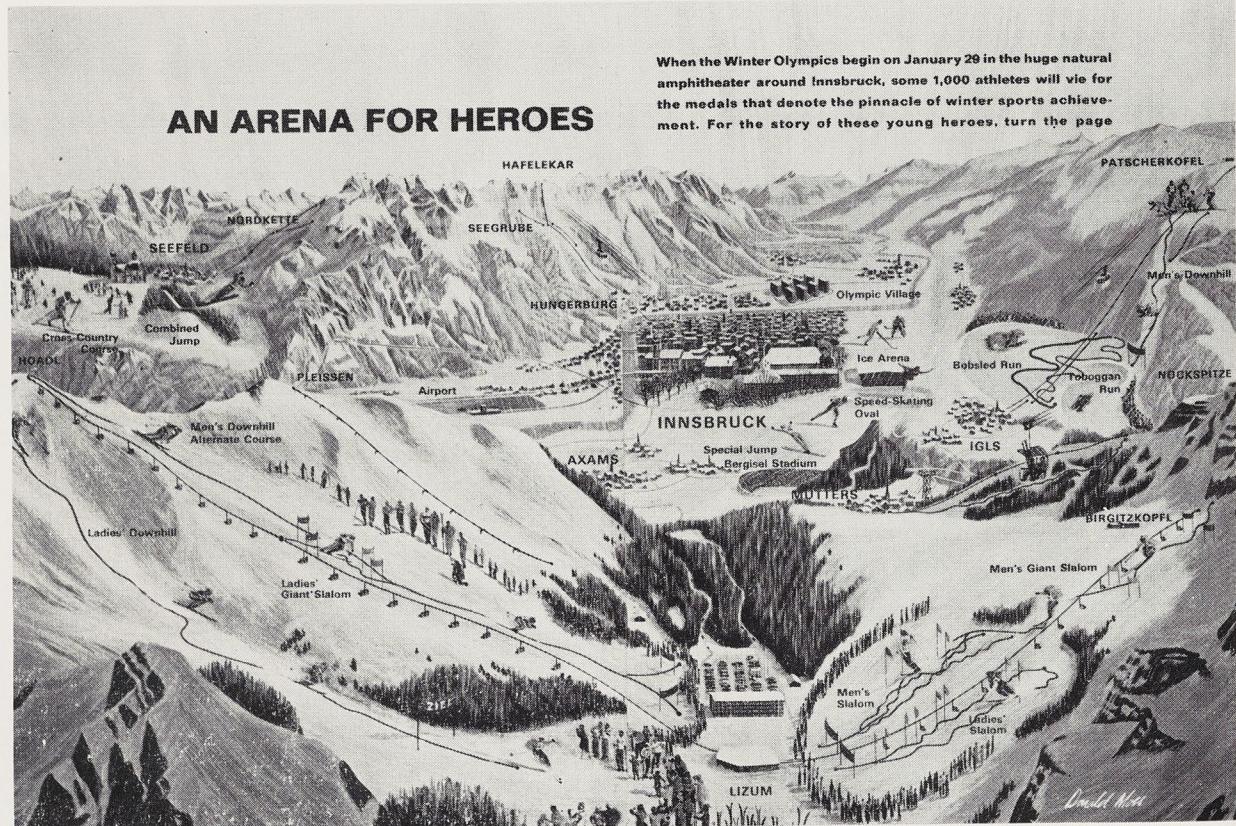
The heart of the *Sports Illustrated* entry consisted of eight issues devoted to the games. But the magazine's coverage of the Olympics began in 1961 when the dust of the 1960 games had barely settled. By 1962 the Olympic athletes were already in serious training, and *Sports Illustrated* was taking a serious look at them. More than a year before the Olympic torches were to be lit, *Sports Illustrated* teams were already at Innsbruck and Tokyo; coverage at Innsbruck was marshalled under Senior Editor Ezra Bowen, at Tokyo under Senior Editor Andrew Crichton.

In all, *Sports Illustrated*'s Olympian effort ran to 67 articles, and filled 275 pages, of which 56 were in color.

HONORABLE MENTION goes to Senior Editor Ernest Dunbar of *Look*, who likes to call African affairs his "sub-specialty." For *Look* he has traveled most of West Africa, both Congos, East Africa, Angola. On leave, he accompanied Averell Harriman's Africa "fact-finding" tour for Presidential candidate John F. Kennedy. His "sub-specialty" also produced his "Inside Report: The African Revolt in Russia" in *Look* last May 5. It won this citation.

Dunbar's legwork uncovered seething discontent among African students whom Soviet officials were openly courting and who found themselves living in fear of a hostile white citizenry.

One of SI's informative spreads on the Olympics



Best interpretation of foreign affairs, daily newspaper or wire service



MAX FRANKEL, the *New York Times*'s diplomatic correspondent, is a true son of the *Times*. At Columbia, he was its campus reporter. In 1952, he graduated directly to the city room—where he has rarely been ever since. *Times* assignments put him in Hungary for the 1956 revolt, in Cuba for the 1961 Bay of Pigs landings. Based in Washington since 1961, he has continued to roam. Last year he toured Eastern Europe and filed the interpretive reports that won this year's OPC award.

Travel came early, and painfully, to Frankel. Born in Germany, he was eight when Nazis deported the Frankels to Poland. In two years of travail they reached New York.

Once on the *Times*, Frankel quickly moved to front rank in its foreign staff. At 26 he was covering major assignments abroad. At 27 he was sent to the Moscow bureau. At 33—in May, 1963—he became the *Times*'s diplomatic correspondent.

HONORABLE MENTION is awarded to a name familiar to annual *Dateline* readers, Louis R. Rukeyser of the *Baltimore Sun*. Last year, he won first place in this category for articles on Asian and Southeast Asian nations. This year he is cited for coverage and interpretation of events in Asia, particularly India.

Rukeyser, 31-year-old member of the newswriting Rukeyser clan, is the *Sun*'s bureau chief in New Delhi. He is a former chief political reporter for the *Baltimore Evening Sun* and staffer with *Stars & Stripes* in Europe who learned his trade on the Mount Vernon (N.Y.) *Daily Argus*.

Best interpretation of foreign affairs, television

MARVIN KALB, CBS diplomatic correspondent, won an OPC Award in 1962 for his radio reporting from Moscow. He has done it again, but this time for his analyses of Sino-Soviet relations, and particularly for his work on the CBS Reports television program of last Nov. 11, "The U.S. and the Two Chinas."

Said the judges: "Through Mr. Kalb's lucid exposition and the judicious use of informative film, this timely broadcast gave the American people a fresh perspective on a complex situation that may well be their most troublesome issue for many years to come." They cited him for "consistently distinguished interpretation . . . pursuing the facts diligently . . . relating realities to policies and politics."

For some of the Kalb technique off-screen, readers of this issue of *Dateline* have an example—his article, "China: The Greatest Story Never Told," on page 24.

Kalb came to his profession by way of scholarship and State Department service. A graduate of the City College of New York, specializing in Russian history, he continued his Russian studies at Harvard (M.A., '53) and at Middlebury's Russian Language School. Assignment by the State Department to the American Embassy in Moscow followed. He left in 1957 to join CBS News, continuing his Russian studies at Columbia University under a CBS Foundation News Fellowship.

He was rapidly established as an authority on Russian affairs when he authored two books—"Eastern Exposure," based on his experiences in the Soviet Union, and "Dragon in the Kremlin," on the Sino-Soviet alliance.



Best interpretation of foreign affairs, radio



BILL SHEEHAN, chief of ABC's London Bureau, happened to be talking on the closed circuit to New York on Nov. 22, 1963, the moment President Kennedy was assassinated. He was the first radio voice to bring the tragic word to British and European listeners. For Sheehan, it was plainly a reverse play. In the nearly three years he has been in London, he has managed to be first a creditable number of times with news and analysis out of Britain and the Continent for American audiences.

For his deft handling and solid interpretation, for instance, of the British elections that returned Labor to precarious power last year, he has earned this OPC Award.

Only one of his "firsts" has been of debatable value. He is credited—or blamed—for being the first radio-television reporter to film the "Beatles" of Liverpool and to expose them to American sensibilities. But Sheehan, a compact man with a ready smile, takes the news as he finds it. And he has found it in many places.

Born in Boston, he cut his microphone teeth at WMAS, Springfield, Mass., sharpened them at WDRC, Hartford, after service as an Air Force bombardier in World War II. He joined WJR, Detroit, in 1953 as an early-morning news announcer, by 1957 was its news director and recognized as a top labor reporter. In 1958 he swung through Europe, broadcasting reports from the French National Assembly, NATO Headquarters, the Brussels World's Fair. In 1961 he went to ABC News, covered some of its top stories, then, in 1962, went to London. In a busy decade he has covered Khrushchev's American tour, Eisenhower's tours, Kennedy's 1962 trip abroad.

Best interpretation of foreign affairs, magazines



NORMAN COUSINS, editor of the *Saturday Review*, is cited for his "Notes on a 1963 Visit with Khrushchev," which appeared in *Saturday Review* last Nov. 7 shortly after the Soviet premier's ouster. The article was followed on Nov. 21 by a Cousins commentary on Khrushchev's departure.

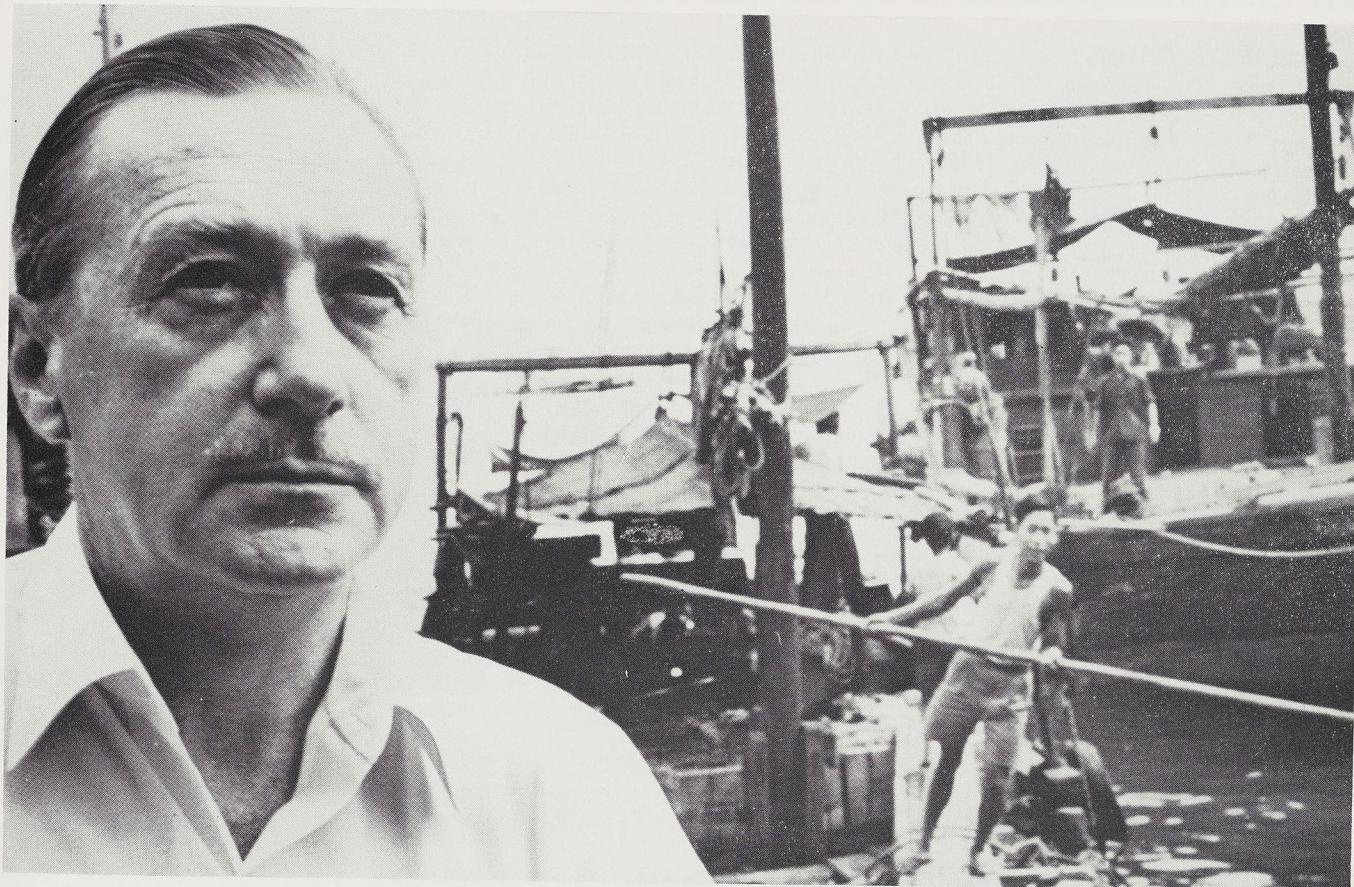
In a preface to his first article, Cousins explained that the report had been withheld 18 months because he had met with Khrushchev "not as journalist but as private emissary." OPC judges, nonetheless, judged the report a singular example of magazine journalism.

For Cousins, their praise is one more laurel in a career in which he has gathered distinction as author, editor, lecturer. His leadership over 25 years has raised the *Saturday Review* from a literary journal read by 20,000 to a 400,000-reader commentary on the entire human scene.

HONORABLE MENTION goes to Denis Warner for his reporting on Southeast Asia. Warner, who has been the Reporter's man in that part of the world since 1957, was cited for incisive commentary under such diverse datelines as South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, the Philippines, Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand, and Australia.

An Australian of characteristic vigor, he soldiered in the Middle East during World War II, was a correspondent with American forces in the Central Pacific (1944-45), editorial manager of Reuters-AAP (Australian Associated Press) in Japan (1947-49), roving Far East correspondent for the *Melbourne Herald* and *London Daily Telegraph* (1949-55), an associate Nieman Fellow (1956-57), and has produced four notable books since 1956.

Best book on foreign affairs



ROBERT TRUMBULL's "The Scrutable East" (David McKay Co., Inc.) is a blunt critique of the U.S. posture in Southeast Asia, in which Trumbull, Tokyo bureau chief for the *New York Times* and a veteran Asian hand, wonders "whether high officials of the U.S. . . . really believe the nonsense they try to sell the public." OPC judges picked it as "a splendid contribution toward understanding the complexities of . . . that corner of the world."

Trumbull, a *Times* man since 1941, has specialized for 19 years in Southeast Asia—the "prickly-heat beat," he calls it. Assignments have carried him not only to the capitals but also into the back provinces of Indonesia, Vietnam, Malaysia, Burma, Thailand, the Philippines, Laos, Cambodia. Colleagues reckon him a hard hitter with few peers who makes skillful analysis look easy. The Trumbull expertise has produced six books, among them "The Raft," a Book-of-the-Month best seller.

HONORABLE MENTION is awarded "View from the Seventh Floor" (Harper & Row) by Dr. Walt Whitman Rostow, one of the few non-journalists to win OPC honors. Dr. Rostow, the professor of economic history who took a leave from MIT to work as a key idea man for the late President John F. Kennedy, has written a panoramic view of U.S. involvement throughout the world. OPC judges called it a "rewarding" blend of the special talents of a State Dept. insider and first-rank scholar. As early as World War II he saw duty with "State," later served as an Army major advising the British Air Ministry, finally was a member of the postwar Economic Commission for Europe. His books are several, his honors many.

Ed Stout Award for best article or report on Latin America (any medium)

BARNARD L. COLLIER, the *Herald-Tribune's* 26-year-old chief Latin American correspondent, receives the \$500 award established by Vision, Inc., for general excellence of his reporting from Latin America, particularly his coverage of the 1964 revolution in Brazil. OPC judges considered outstanding his series of four articles, "The Trillion-Cruzeiro Revolt."

Under deadline pressure, Collier wrote "with distinction," the judges said, of crises in Panama and conditions in Castro Cuba, as well as of the change in Brazil. "Tops in reporting the facts, spotting the trends, and telling the story," the citation reads.

Collier, a 1959 graduate of Wayne State University, worked for the *Detroit Free Press*, *Miami News*, and was a contributing editor of *Time* before being appointed the *Herald-Tribune's* chief Latin American correspondent just a year ago.

HONORABLE MENTION for Virginia Prewett, veteran Latin American correspondent and columnist, was awarded for a series of columns exposing political realities of Haiti and examining U.S. policy in their light. The judges chose as "particularly outstanding" her column, "Blood of Haiti May Stain the White House," in which she charged persons close to President Johnson with maneuvering to get American assistance for Haiti's dictator. Each of her columns was followed by government action to correct abuses. Miss Prewett (Mrs. W. R. Mizelle), who is syndicated by NANA to 140 newspapers, last month became editorial page editor of the *Latin American Times*, a new national newspaper published in New York.



E. W. Fairchild Award for best business news reporting from abroad (any medium)



DON C. WINSTON, chief of the McGraw-Hill World News bureau in Moscow, mines the Soviet economy and its technological reaches for *Business Week*, *Aviation Week*, and the entire run of McGraw-Hill publications. Thus his massive entry, according to one of the judges, was "far out in front of all contenders." Fluent in Russian and nervy, Winston has talked his way into a number of memorable news beats. At a Moscow air show last year, for instance, he managed—while Russian officials stood approvingly by—to climb into the cockpit of a new Soviet military plane, and take the West's first photos of its control panel.

Before moving to Moscow in 1963, Winston was McGraw-Hill's bureau chief in Chicago, and, earlier, a member of its San Francisco staff. He broke in on the Worland (Wyo.) *Daily News*, and came to McGraw-Hill after a hitch (1955-58) in the Army.

HONORABLE MENTION is awarded J. A. Livingston, winner of the OPC's E. W. Fairchild Award in 1963. An economist, syndicated columnist, and financial editor of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, Livingston is cited for a series of columns, "The Powerful Pull of the Dollars," based on a 10-week fact-finding tour of Europe. Livingston's career began nearly 40 years ago, shortly after graduation from the University of Michigan in 1925. Reared on New York dailies and business journals, he served *Business Week* as economist (1936-42). He joined the *Bulletin* in 1948 after stints with the old *Philadelphia Record* and the *Washington Post*. His widely-read column, "Business Outlook," has been running 20 years.

Robert Capa Award for superlative photography, requiring exceptional courage and enterprise

HORST FAAS of the Associated Press works as the late Robert Capa worked—close in where danger, death, and heart-stopping pictures lie. Faas's brand of photo journalism earned him OPC citations in 1963 and 1964, and wins him this year's Capa Award.

Front-line troops rarely see more of the brutality of fighting than Faas's lenses, because, since 1960, Faas has generally been right alongside them. Sent to the Congo, Faas performed with total disregard for danger. Captured and beaten by insurgent Katangan troops several times, he came away with pictures that drew editors' commendations. Displaying the same valor in Algeria, he was sent on to war-ridden Vietnam in 1962.

In his months at the Vietnamese front, Faas has survived helicopter crashes, Vietcong ambushes. In one, fully a third of the Vietnamese troops were slain. In another, Vietnamese and their American advisers fell only yards where Faas was recording the action.

On the promise of a chance to photograph Vietcong training in rough back country, Faas set out with 50 Kohor tribesmen. Four days later they ran into an ambush. The survivors took to the hills and ridges, ran two days without water, went another four before they reached their own camp.

"It was the first time I ever ate 16 cans of Spam in one week," Faas recalls. In his pack were 5,000 piasters (\$50), put there when a Vietnamese commander, eyeing Faas's 220-pound frame, warned that his troops probably would not carry a wounded Faas very far without pay. Despite his up-front style, he still hasn't had to spend his 5,000 piasters.



A dramatic Faas picture of a Vietnamese soldier punishing a Vietcong sympathizer



George Polk Memorial Award for best reporting, requiring exceptional courage and enterprise

GEORGE CLAY of NBC News was never fond of death. The "blood and stupidity," he confided, sickened him. But when death stalked his beloved Africa, Clay was never far away, recording with professional calm its sights and sounds. Then, at 1 a.m. last Nov. 24 on the road from Lubutu to Stanleyville, they met. Machine-gun fire from a rebel ambush ripped through the vehicle in which Clay was advancing with a Congolese mercenary column. Clay slumped forward, a tape recorder still in his hands.

"He paid with his life for his daring," the awards committee wrote, "but before the bullets of snipers hit him on that dark night . . . he had given viewers and listeners dramatic and telling pictures of many parts of Africa. Because of his mastery of his complicated craft, of his understanding of the problems faced by the peoples on the continent . . . and his unflagging readiness to cope with dangers, many of the records he left behind are valuable historical documents of our times."

Clay died just three days short of his 41st birthday. Africa was his life. He was born there, in Bloemfontein, South Africa, knew its many tongues—Afrikaans, Swahili, Xhosa (the "click" talk of the bush). For 14 years, after service as a South African infantry captain in World War II, he roamed the continent for newspapers and magazines, eventually joined the London *Observer*. In 1960 he moved to NBC News.

For his "clarity and coolness" in reporting the U.N. Congo drive of 1963, he was cited by the OPC. Indeed, he earned the respect of every newsman who knew his work. One, Walter Cronkite, perhaps phrased it best: "He knew his story, and told it surpassingly well."



Special OPC Award for Outstanding Journalistic Achievement



What aerial reconnaissance saw in Cuba—Soviet missile sites

JOHN SCALI, diplomatic correspondent of ABC News, picked up his phone about mid-day on Oct. 26, 1962, as the world stood perilously close to war over the presence of Russian missiles in Cuba. The call was from a top Soviet intelligence officer, one of Scali's many contacts in Washington. For the next 72 hours Scali was the principal behind-the-scenes link between the Kremlin and the White House, a tense role in which a misstep could have meant nuclear war. It was a story that Scali, sworn to secrecy, could not tell until last year.

For his performance in that delicate mission, the OPC judges selected him for a special 1965 award, saying: "In honoring him now for the high degree of journalistic integrity and diligence with which he played out his key role . . . we are also honoring a seasoned reporter for not reporting a great story."

With government restrictions lifted last year, Scali disclosed his mission in an ABC News Special Report. He met with his Russian contact Oct. 26, came away with the first word the White House would receive that the Russians wanted a quick easing of tensions. In the next two days he secretly relayed the terms and proposals that brought an end to the crisis.

Throughout those three tense days in October, Scali was in top-secret touch with President Kennedy and Secretary of State Dean Rusk. He was, after all, a top diplomatic affairs reporter for the Associated Press for 15 years before joining ABC News in 1961. For his secret mission he received no immediate public recognition, but one private accolade. "John," Rusk said to him at the job's end, "you have served your country well."



OPC / 1965 Awards

Special OPC Award for Outstanding Journalistic Achievement

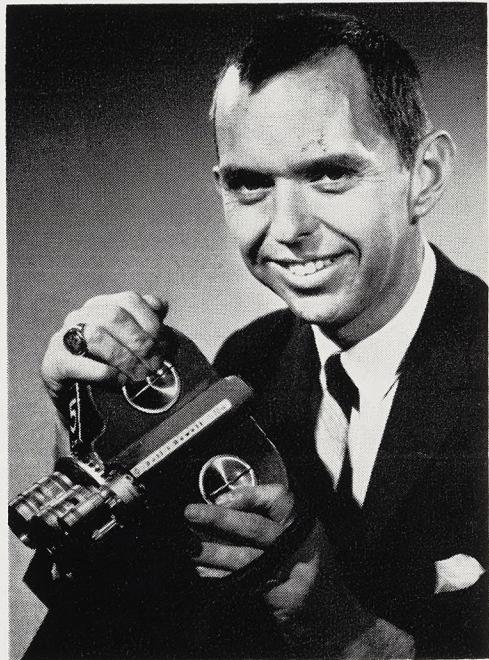
KTLA, the Los Angeles television station, and **Baldwin Baker, Jr.**, a cameraman-producer, share this Special Award for "Korean Legacy," a one-hour program originally shown Christmas Eve, 1964.

Because it fits neither reporting from abroad nor interpretation of foreign affairs, the OPC citation reads: "A special award is made to mark this program, which tells of an unusual pilgrimage, an untimely death, and the promise of a new life."

The program, filmed and reported by Baker, tells the story of Harry Holt, an Oregon farmer who spent his fortune—and, in a sense, his life—to rescue the orphans of war-torn Korea. Baker joined 32 American couples who flew to Korea to adopt 56 of Holt's foundlings. What should have been a joyous occasion was darkened when Holt suddenly died. Baker's sensitive camera recorded the shock, Holt's burial on a Korean hillside, and the new hope his life had given his orphans.

At first, feeling ran strong among the adopting couples and Holt's aides that the benefactor's death should cause Baker to drop his filming project. They feared a TV show at that time might cast doubt on the adoption and orphanage program. But KTLA and Baker insisted that would not be the case. The Los Angeles station broadly expanded Baker's budget, gave him a free hand to do the best possible job.

The result was not only a top-drawer documentary, but has since given Holt's program perhaps its greatest push forward. Baker, 35, joined KTLA after graduation from U.C.L.A. in 1952. He was station producer of "Time Out for Beany," which won industry's "Emmy" for Best Children's Program.



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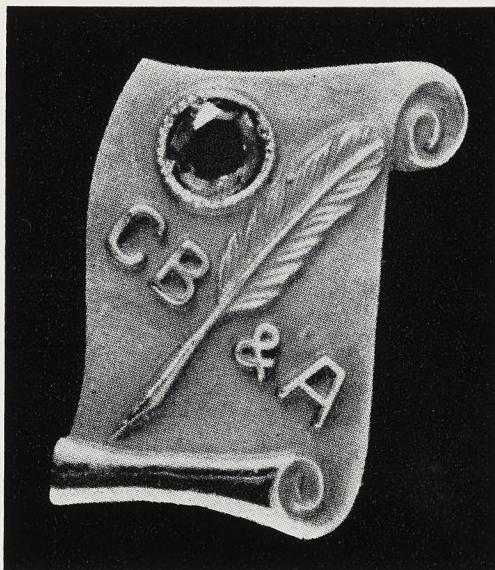
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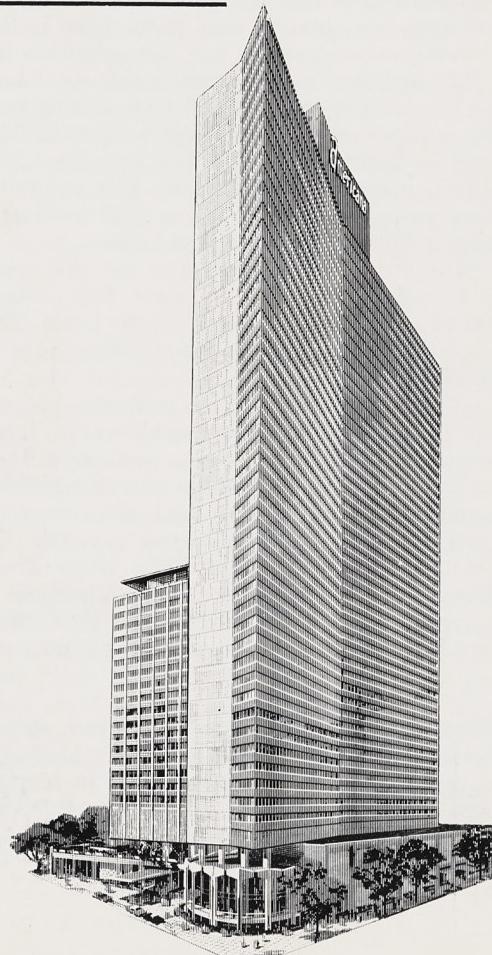
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Where are the new Nelly Blys?

BY ALINE MOSBY

Flies stuck to my eyelids and mouth and now and then one would try to crawl inside. It had been a 12-hour, all-night ride up from Marrakech to this Moroccan army post, and the trucks that were to bounce us American correspondents over blazing sand to the front in the 1963 Algerian-Moroccan border "war" promised no food or water.

We had slept a few hours in the car. I had left Marrakech in such a hurry that I had nothing in my handbag for a morning toilette except a lipstick. The army post outdoor latrine was horrifying. I searched for a palm tree. And it was lucky I washed my face and hands under the open pump before I noticed a dead rat floating, whiskers and pink belly up, in the pool below.

Adventure and excitement to me, and I wouldn't trade it for all the comforts of home. But is the comparative hardship of reporting far from the home office the reason why the lady foreign correspondent is a disappearing species?

Not many members of the petticoat press still are racing after prime ministers or airplanes in foreign capitals, carting cosmetics as well as cameras from Delhi to Dublin, or sharpening wits as well as pencils with male colleagues around the globe. Rather, the ladies seem to be retiring—to the home front. Washington is awash with the distaff sex: Nancy Dickerson of NBC, Helen Thomas of UPI, Marianne Means of the Hearst Headline Service, etc. (possibly because the news media have discovered lately that Presidents like to be asked questions by girls).

Aline Mosby has specialized in feature stories for United Press International in Moscow, Paris, London, and Brussels in recent years. After three years in Moscow she wrote "The View from No. 13 Peoples Street." Miss Mosby is now on leave to do graduate work in Sino-Soviet studies.



But overseas, the corps of full-fledged permanent American women correspondents has dwindled. Where are the Nelly Blys, Dorothy Thompsons, and Anne O'Hare McCormicks who used to grace the front pages with exotic datelines?

A batch of women served overseas during and after World War II. The late INS spawned Rita Hume, Lee Carson, and Ruth Montgomery. The United Press' female foreign scribes included Hazel Hertzog and Ann Stringer. And Marguerite Higgins earned her trenchcoat in Korea; but marriage has kept her in Washington since, except for sporadic trips to check up on Saigon, Moscow, and other points.

Eleanor Packard and her husband Reynolds Packard were both UP war correspondents in the 1940s, and both are now working in Rome for the *New York Daily News*. But Mrs. Packard appears to be the only survivor of the wartime pancake press who still files regularly from abroad.

Some media are against hiring women, except to cover fashions in Paris. One AP executive stoutly insists he isn't, but that "the girls work abroad only briefly" and then flee back to home and husband. Some gals who have worked overseas have been able to stay a good many years because their husbands did. One of the best-known and respected women foreign correspondents in recent years, and an OPC past prizewinner, Flora Lewis, London correspondent of the *Washington Post*, is returning to the U.S. this year because her husband Sydney Gruson has been named foreign news editor of the *New York Times*.

That leaves only a handful of American women currently reporting full-time for U.S. media overseas. The UPI contingent includes Roberta Roth in Jakarta, Sheila Walsh in Rome, and this correspondent in Paris, formerly Brussels, London, and Moscow. AP and *Time* have no female foreign correspondents. *Newsweek* last year for the first time sent a girl abroad, Elizabeth Peer, who now reports from Paris.

The *Reporter's* Mediterranean correspondent is Claire Sterling. Beverly Deepe, who went to Saigon on her own and scored noteworthy scoop interviews, has joined the *New York Herald Tribune* as permanent correspondent.

In addition, many wives of men stationed abroad work as journalists on local papers, such as the international edition of the *New York Times*, the European edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Rome Daily American*, the *Japan Times*, etc. In Rome the AP hires Louise Hickman twice yearly to cover fashions. Marianne Weller, wife of the *Chicago Daily News* Rome staffer George Weller, is an active journalist; so is Linda Beech, wife of CDN correspondent Keyes Beech in Tokyo.

Being a woman reporter has its advantages everywhere, but especially overseas. When I telephoned a new American defector in his Metropole Hotel room in

Moscow one snowy November day in 1959, he consented to let me interview him, saying: "I won't see any men reporters. But you're a woman."

Later in his hotel room where he talked for more than two hours, Lee Harvey Oswald explained, "Women are more understanding."

Covering then Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson's tour of the Benelux countries was a shoo-in. He invited me to ride in his private airplane, even in his own compartment. In Brussels he swept me off to an intimate gathering at the home of U.S. Ambassador Douglas MacArthur II. Much to the obvious annoyance of Mrs. MacArthur, Johnson insisted I sit on the arm of his chair, too.

Despite the courtesy given women reporters at embassy receptions or foreign offices, the problems of living and working overseas may be one hurdle keeping less adventurous girl reporters at their desks at home. In the first place, a lady correspondent has two jobs: She must work in a fiercely competitive field and do a man's job, keeping up with male reporters. She must also keep house and be a woman.

For me, working as one of three UPI correspondents in Moscow meant 2½ years of living right in the UPI office, with Teletypes in the hall near my bedroom and seven American and Soviet UPI staffers sharing the kitchen and toilet. Staring Russian burglars (or were they KGB secret agents?) in the eye and checking the market for meat was part of my daily life. Between dashing off to the Central Telegraph office to file stories or covering Khrushchev press conferences, I had to order food from Copenhagen, paint the kitchen cupboards, and hire exterminators to wrestle with the cockroaches and bed bugs.

The male correspondents did not have to bother with getting diplomatic friends to bring lipsticks and night cream to Moscow. (The Soviets are better with cosmonauts than cosmetics.) Neither did Henry Shapiro, Bob Korengold, Marvin Kalb, or the other boys then in Moscow have to stand in line at the only good Soviet hairdresser's for an East German permanent or an Italian beehive coiffure.

Living in Paris to me is much more comfortable. But, of course, the male correspondents in the French capital don't have to face the hazards of all those beautiful clothes which take time to buy (three fittings, maybe four). A six-day week, or sometimes seven, can be taken in stride by my male colleagues, but that doesn't leave a female much time for hair salons and flea markets (and if you don't want to spend your money on the glories of French living, you should have stayed home, anyway!).

Then, too, keeping house is a problem for a foreigner in any land, even in France. But I consider homemaking abroad to be a special advantage for a woman writer. A woman is more likely to eat and live at home than on the town, and the best way to know a country is to face the markets, shops, and local plumber. Women correspondents come closer to understanding the people of any land by arguing with the gas company (how could a bill for one person who's never at home in Paris be \$40 a month?), by trying to find cottage cheese or sour cream

Around the world in 72 days, 6 hours, and 11 minutes—that expedition in 1889-90 brought fame to Nelly Bly (left), New York World reporter (real name: Elizabeth Seaman).

in Paris food shops (not there), by learning the French way of food shopping (one stop at the fish store, then the meat store, bakery, cheese shop, etc.).

Actually, London and Paris are becoming so international that after a while one might not feel like a foreign correspondent in these capitals. To feel a difference from home nowadays, you have to move south to more exotic lands. I possibly shaved 10 years off my life while covering Jackie Kennedy's second visit to Greece but gained enough adventure to last a lifetime.

My competition was AP's Frances Lewin, who came from Washington with Jackie and who is one woman reporter I've met to whom I bow low in admiration. Jackie did not want to be followed by the press, but we stuck by her despite rainstorms, transportation difficulties, and the ruses of her Secret Service protectors.

Those who cover riots haven't known mob action until they've tried to elbow their way through hundreds of yelling, exuberant Turks—including an army of Istanbul photographers built like football players—trailing Jackie from museums to mosques in Istanbul. We had to rent river boats in a hurry to follow the then-President's wife up the Bosphorus (the UPI-NBC boat beat the AP boat in a race on the way back).

When Jackie tried to elude us by steaming to Aristotle Onassis' private island south of Corfu, we reporters managed to track her down by racing there in taxis and a ferry boat. It was a hair-raising, 14-hour dash through rainstorms on slippery, narrow mountain roads. Our driver was a high-spirited young man who kept getting lost on the unmarked rutty roads, all the while shouting, "Tharos!" meaning "courage."

The last hurdle before our island destination was a ferry boat that was closed when we skidded to a stop

around midnight. We woke up the proprietor—two old ladies—who got out of bed and, pumping up and down like marionettes, maneuvered the barge across the rough water to the island near Jackie's hideaway.

But that "war" in Morocco indicated to me why there are not many women war correspondents. The UPI was against the idea, but I happened to be in Morocco when the border fighting broke out, and the Moroccan government decided to take some photographers and magazine and television newsmen to the "front."

On five minutes' notice, off we went with no time even to visit a powder room or grab a toothbrush. The last day's travel was in those Moroccan army trucks over burning sand dunes right out of a scene from a Rudolph Valentino sizzler. We would lurch up the side of one dune and plunge down the center. I never asked for special treatment, and I am against women reporters expecting same. But I was admittedly grateful when the Moroccan soldiers insisted I ride in the cab up front with the driver, leaving the male correspondents to be rattled to a pulp in back.

Yes, the city room back in the States may be more comfortable. My makeup was running in the heat, and I was doubtful my insides would survive. But the sight of machine guns silhouetted against the red sky along with palm trees and 14th-Century pink Moroccan castles was worth all those four years of working to graduate from journalism school.

I wouldn't trade sleeping two nights without food and water (except for green watermelons) on the Nile River bank to watch the dismantling of the Abu Simbel temples for all the comforts of a U.S. beat, either. Stones whizzed past my head when I covered a Soviet-style "spontaneous demonstration" from inside the beleaguered U.S. Embassy in Moscow, but that was worth 10 stories on the home front to me in memories.

Four who still have overseas datelines



Beverly Deeps of the New York Herald-Tribune makes practice of scooping male rivals in Vietnam with exclusive interviews.



Flora Lewis (Mrs. Sydney Gruson) has lived mostly in Europe since 1945. Her second book was published recently.



Claire Sterling travels widely throughout Europe and Africa for the Reporter. Her home base for many years has been Rome.



Aline Mosby managed to move from Moscow to Paris with cat Natasha completely intact, red MG only partially so.

FOR L. A. TIMES, THE CITY LIMITS REACH MOSCOW

BY ROBERT W. GIBSON

At almost any time from six weeks to six years ago, you could date the beginning of a "new era" at the *Los Angeles Times*, depending on the department in question. For foreign news, the turning point was 1962.

Until then, the *Los Angeles Times* had had one foreign correspondent, the veteran Waldo Drake, now retired, who roved across Europe and Africa from his base in Paris. Today, the *Los Angeles Times* has its own foreign news service, with 10 bureaus already established, two to be opened this year in the Middle East and tropical Africa, and studies under consideration on further expansion. In the past six months, we have added Saigon and Moscow to our bureau system, which had already been built up to include Tokyo, Hong Kong, Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro, London, Paris, Bonn—and the United Nations.

Our correspondents' dispatches are circulated far beyond Southern California and the U.S. to Europe, Asia, Latin America, and Africa. Jointly with the *Washington Post*, we have organized a news service of our own; at this writing, the service has 93 subscribers, most of them in the U.S. The foreign bureau networks of the two newspapers are, of course, independent of each other.

By no means does the *Times* rely entirely for its foreign copy on our own foreign correspondents, nor do we expect to do so in the foreseeable future. Since our average week-day edition carries 175,000 words of general news and features, we are heavy users of the wire services and the special services offered by some other newspapers.

Our theory, though hardly an original one, is that our correspondents should be adding to, and not duplicating, information already available. We have them dig, both to make their own interpretive writing more informed and to unearth fresh information.

Not long ago, our correspondent in Saigon, Jack Foisie, spent three weeks reporting and mapping the true military situation in Vietnam. He checked, province by province, to see which areas the Vietcong really controlled; put together a box score of gains, losses, and stalemates over the past year; and correlated all this with Vietnam's current estimated population density.

Another case was Mexico City bureau chief George Natanson's recent fact-finding trip to the various proposed sites for a new sea-level canal across Central America. When we heard of Under Secretary of State (for Economic

Robert W. Gibson, 36, joined the Los Angeles Times as senior editorial writer in 1963 and became foreign editor last year. His career in foreign news started with wire service reporting of the Korean War. He was assistant foreign editor of Business Week before joining the Times.



Members of eight-man Times foreign desk consult Gibson (standing, right) on Vietnam coverage.

Affairs) Thomas Mann's proposed sounding-out trip to Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and Colombia, we sent Natanson on a similar mission—well in advance of Mann—and he spent three weeks there. The result was a full takeout published the same week Mann returned from his five-day trip to Latin America.

From the minute the word was out that the Chinese were about to detonate their first nuclear device, Ed Meagher, in Hong Kong, began working up a thorough analysis of the state of Chinese technology. His copy, putting the whole story in better perspective, arrived just in time to accompany the announcement when it broke.

If our correspondents sometimes appear travel-weary—and we've had one resignation over this policy—it's simply because we don't believe in stay-at-homes. Don Cook, the former *Herald Tribune* correspondent who recently joined us as Paris bureau chief, will be almost constantly on the road this spring covering multinational conferences outside France. Fran Kent is away from Rio over half the time, keeping tab on Brazil's neighbors. Following the Afro-Asian conference in Algiers, our U.N. correspondent, Lou Fleming, will swing through Gaza and Cyprus for a firsthand look at peacekeeping operations, then travel through East Europe. From his Leopoldville base, Don Shannon will travel to any trouble spot in tropical Africa. Joe Alex Morris, Jr., who is leaving *Newsweek* to open our Beirut bureau, will travel throughout the Middle East, with occasional journeys to Pakistan and India.

From the beginning of the foreign service, recruiting correspondents has been a major preoccupation of the foreign editor. While naturally we try to give priority in hiring to men currently on the *Times*, this has been impossible in many cases without throwing our local and national staffs into serious imbalance. Thus, we have done considerable "outside" hiring. To date, we have had more than 400 applications for foreign assignment with the *Times*.

In a period of retrenchment for so many newspapers, why has the *Los Angeles Times* embarked on so major an undertaking as a foreign service? Each bureau costs the *Times* in direct out-of-pocket expense an average of more than \$50,000 per man per year. Obviously it takes more than financial resources alone: It takes the will. Unless the publisher, Otis Chandler, had been determined to create a foreign service, it would never have gotten off the ground. To be excellent by today's standards, a major newspaper must develop its own perceptive reporting and interpretation of world as well as national affairs.

TV NEWS BLASTS OFF INTO SPACE

BY RUSS TORNABENE

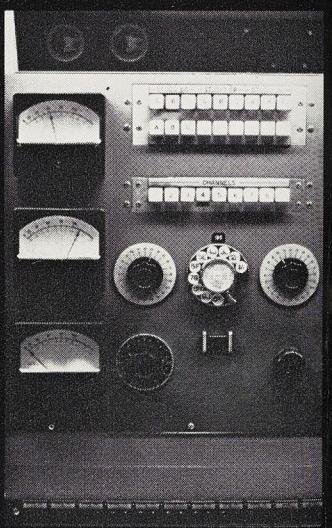
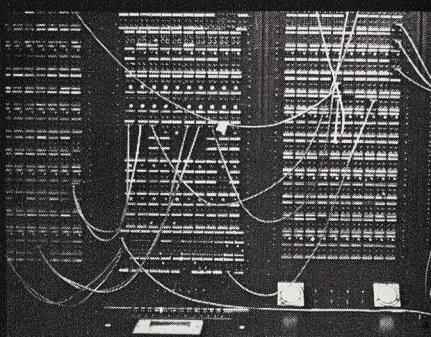
The television reporter, who long ago shed his trench coat as a mark of office, will soon have a new hallmark of identification: a bulging file marked "today's satellite feed."

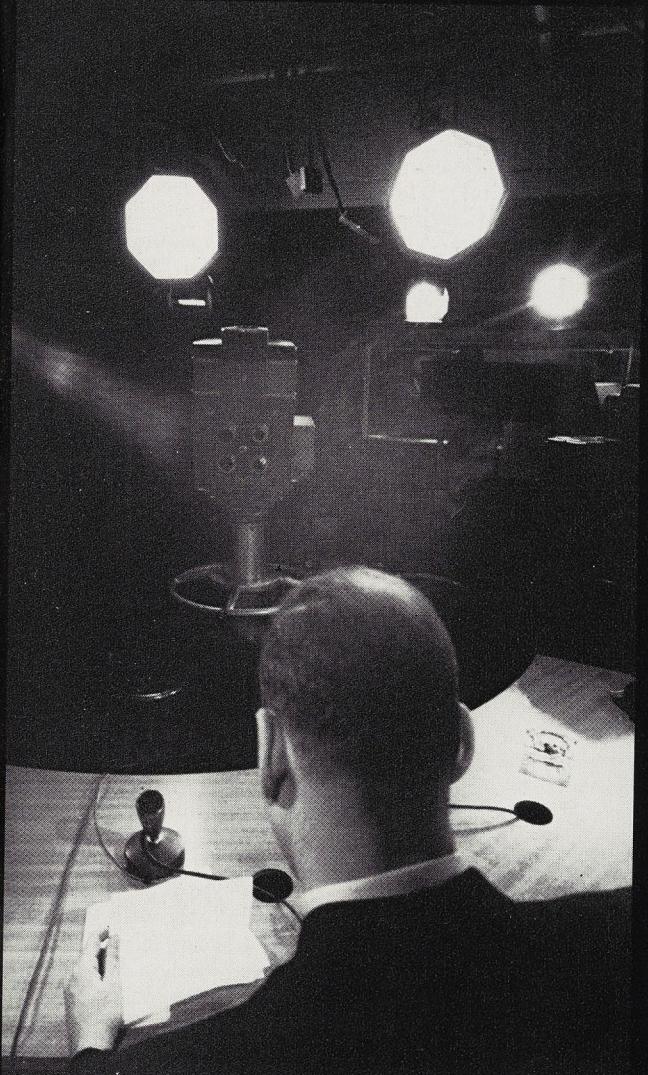
That prospect might intimidate even some of the ablest foreign correspondents working in the field, but in the coming year we can expect to see satellite communications taking over TV news reporting from Europe (and later from Asia) and becoming a virtual way of life for the broadcast industry.

The industry has tasted some of this magical technology of satellite transmissions already. Phase One, the experimental period of Telstar, began in July, 1962, and ended when that system went idle in late 1964 to allow ground stations to retool for Comsat, the Communications Satellite Corp. Facing us in the immediate days ahead is Phase Two, the period of direct transoceanic TV when video audiences will be able to see as well as to hear their favorite broadcasters going about the business of reporting the news.

For the correspondent himself, satellite transmissions will be both a boon and a handicap. So far, the baby is so young, there's hardly a common adjective to describe it. NBC's Paris bureau chief Bernard Frizell sees the satellite as "an impressive monster." Irving R. Levine, the network's bureau chief in Rome, appraises it as "a fantastic tool of the trade." And Eliot Frankel, European producer of the Huntley-Brinkley Report, warns that it has an "absolute deadline." But, he goes on, "despite its glamorous science-fiction aspect, it is basically a transmission line for television, no different from the one between New York and Washington. And reporting by satel-

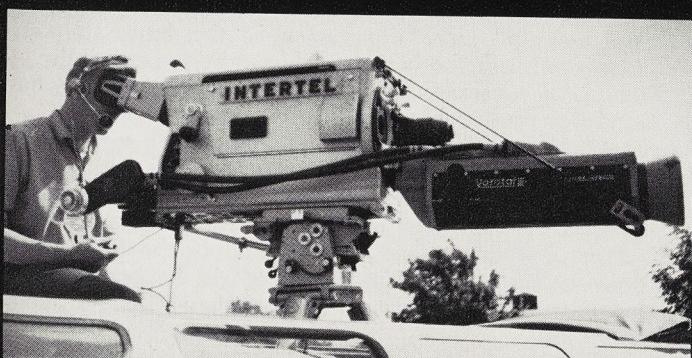
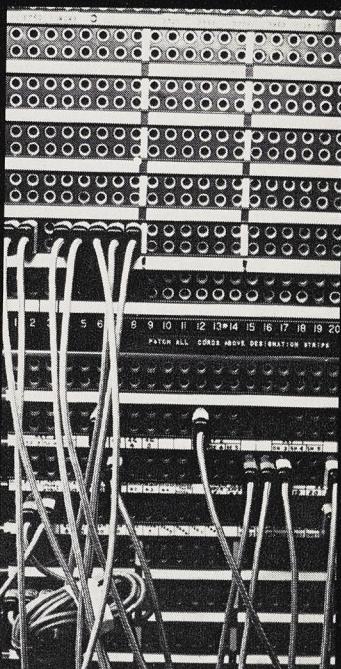
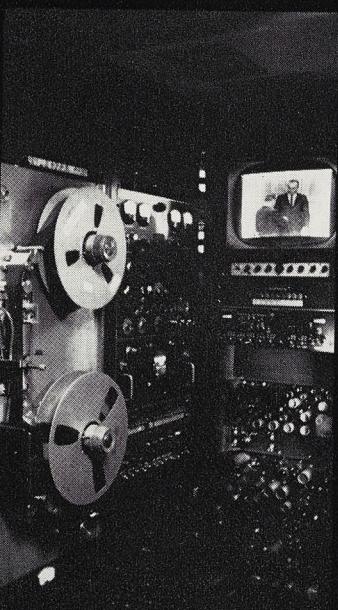
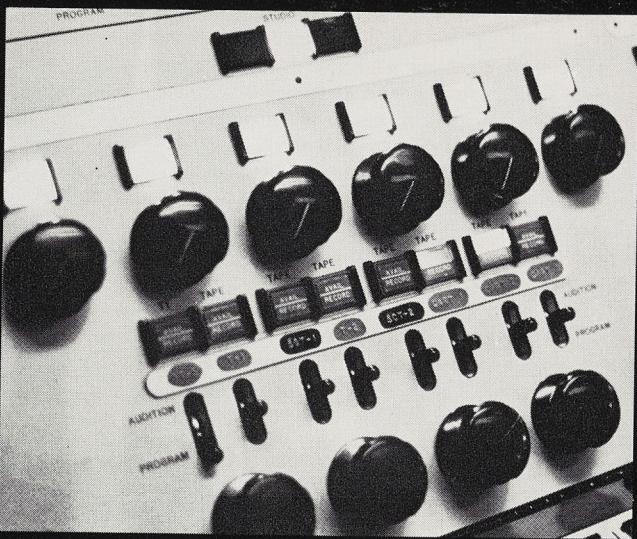
Russ Tornabene, 41, is manager of radio network news for National Broadcasting Co. in New York. In 1962, by flip of a coin, he became first coordinator of the network pool set up after Telstar I was launched. He has coordinated NBC's radio-TV news for four Presidential trips abroad, the death of Pope John XXIII, and the visit of Pope Paul VI to the Holy Land.





ELECTRONIC NEWSCASTS

In TV broadcasting, the traditional pencil, pad of paper, and telephone are just the beginning. Backstopping a top newscaster such as Ed Newman are a tangle of cables, tons of cameras and tape machines, complex electronic switchboards—and, in the newest phase of "satellite feed" from Europe, a ground pickup station at Andover, Me.



lite is just like doing any out-of-town feed in the U.S. except, of course, for local language and work problems."

Levine and Frizell, who have both experienced (and outlived) the twitches and twinges of the satellite "monster" in early operation, agree it's a most dramatic vehicle to put a story across with dispatch.

Levine admits that "after the initial intimidation of doing a spot on a satellite—and it is a real intimidation—there's nothing very much different between doing a satellite report and standing in a New York studio and doing a live spot. I stress live because you don't have the chance to hold up the transmission carrying your face and voice instantly through various control rooms in several countries and across the ocean. You can't say let's start that again. There it is, and off you go."

Frizell recalls the show that Meet the Press did with Maurice Couve de Murville—the first intercontinental news interview ever conducted by satellite. "I sat beside the French Foreign Minister in a Paris studio serving as moderator," he says, "and the panel was in a New York studio. We were chatting back and forth, before airtime, when unbeknownst to us in Paris, the satellite suddenly swung into position and I heard a voice from New York say, 'Why don't you turn a bit to your right, Bernie—it will look a bit better.' It was Larry Spivak, the show's producer, who had just caught our image across the Atlantic. I turned, and we did the show."

The "experimental" Telstars and Relays provided the Levines, Frizells, John Chancellors, and Joe Harsches with an electronic, live, visual link between Europe and American viewing audiences. The same satellites brought President Kennedy's speech to the Irish Parliament live to American homes. And last October when the Olympic Games took place in Tokyo, the story was seen in the U.S. on NBC as it happened, and the network stayed on the air two hours after its normal signoff to carry the stadium pickup.

However wondrous this all has been, it has not been without problems, and we can expect to continue to have a fair share of problems in the future. Telstar and Relay orbited the earth and could be used only when they were in direct electronic "sight" of both the transmitting and receiving stations, over either the Atlantic Ocean or Pacific. The Syncom (synchronous communication) satellite will eliminate the frustrations of these "passes" by remaining stationary in relation to a fixed point on earth. Syncom will reflect and re-transmit television signals, whether the pickup at the originating site overseas is live or from film or videotape, and feed them to "air" or record them in the U.S. for later use. A system of Syncoms, hovering over the pre-planned relay spots in space, eventually can permit worldwide live television reporting, with ground stations and ground lines providing the remaining links between the originating and receiving stations. But the day of pushbutton live TV from abroad has not yet arrived.

What about the work problems confronting the correspondent? John Rich reported on the problems NBC News faced in negotiating with the Japanese to cover the Olympic Games in Tokyo:

"Japanese domestic regulations turned attempts to use the satellites into a bit of a nightmare for American network newsmen. Every transmission was preceded by long-winded, time-consuming negotiations. Four different Japanese agencies were involved in the telecasts. A further

handicap was the insistence that NHK, the Japanese Broadcasting Corp., handle all satellite telecasts. This all led to head-on clashes with our network news departments, which insist that any programs they do must be entirely under their own editorial control."

Satellite reporting presents other problems to Frizell, who must work closely with ORTF French television and use "their technical facilities, videotape crews, director, studio and engineering facilities."

And NBC News' senior European correspondent Joseph C. Harsch says that the satellites cause a "very serious" drain on BBC facilities in London. "You can't get a BBC studio on a few minutes' notice, and less than a six-hour notice would be regarded as a frantic emergency."

Levine agrees with Harsch that separate correspondents someday will be needed for radio and for television reporting. "You can't be out with a mobile unit at the Forum or at Italian Television studios and also at the radio mike.

"A local bureau of a network can't have the facilities, even in miniature, that are needed for satellite transmissions. So the questions of your relations with television facilities in the country in which you work, your knowledge of what tools they do have and can make available to you, open up a whole new sphere, both in terms of whom you must deal with, and in terms of imposing on your responsibility for knowing what you can do after New York has made an assignment."

Welles Hangen, NBC News correspondent in Bonn, sees satellites "helping to put over a story while it's still fresh" but imposing "earlier deadlines, longer waits, and the possibility that pieces won't arrive in New York in exactly the same shape."

Because film and videotape visually record the news event for later use, they are vital for television. Before satellites, film was shot and sent undeveloped to the U.S., accompanied by detailed caption sheets. Videotape, sent by jets, was ready for almost instant use.

Satellites have changed the conditions under which film and videotape are now used, however, and have subsequently changed the life of the foreign-based television correspondent.

"When film is involved," Frankel advises, "technical problems increase. European processing labs, which are developing film in the country where it is exposed, for satellite transmission, aren't able to handle the large volume of 'rush' film, and film traffic between three competing networks becomes an issue."

Overseas correspondents are going to have to learn a great deal more, too, about film development, editing, videotape editing, and packaging the "finished product"—an exercise previously reserved for New York.

Over all, satellite reportage is going to require more reporters and more cameramen in the future to keep up as well with the increased demand—and possibility—for visual coverage of foreign news. But before that day arrives when pushbutton, live worldwide television reporting is a fact, the television companies themselves are going to feel a great pinch on their capital outlay. Lots of money is going to be needed to expand overseas bureaus, for videotape machines, electronic cameras, film editing equipment, and editors. And in the final showdown satellite television reporting will be here to stay but no more impressive to viewers than a long-distance phone call.

ERNIE PYLE

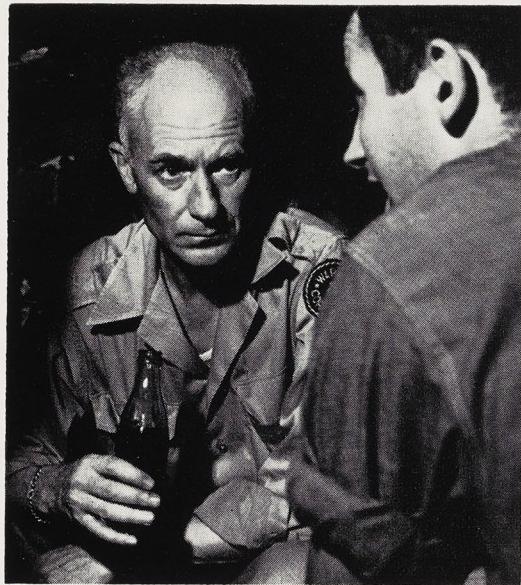


Photo by Herb Kratovil

"Our soldiers always seemed to fight a little better when Ernie was around," said Gen. Omar Bradley about the man who was caught by a sniper's bullet on a Pacific island 20 years ago.

"Sorry to tell you, sir"

BY LINDSEY NELSON

The jeep whirled into our command post in Sicily that hot July day of 1943. I knew the man in the front seat. He was Omar Bradley, commanding general of II Corps. And I knew the man in the back seat, too. He was Ernie Pyle.

A little fellow, Pyle was bare-headed, with goggles hanging loosely around his neck and his shirt open at the collar. He wore GI pants and boots, but the roads were so thick with white chalk dust you couldn't tell where the pants ended and where the man began.

Before Sicily, we had all been in North Africa, in those Tunisian hills where it got so cold your feet and face froze. It was there that American foot soldiers had their first taste of German warfare, and there, too, that Ernie Pyle developed from a good Scripps-Howard reporter into a great war correspondent. He felt and conveyed the feelings, frailties, and fears of the troops better than anybody else did and won the affection of an entire nation.

Lindsey Nelson, 45, was as close to Ernie Pyle as any man during World War II, when Nelson was public relations officer with the 9th Infantry Div. in North Africa and Europe. Now he's a free-lance sportscaster best known as the "voice of the New York Mets."

I remember, too, D-day plus-a-few on the Cherbourg peninsula. It was raining and everybody was soaked. I was trying to get a pup tent pitched when I suddenly felt something tugging at my sleeve. When I turned, there he stood. He was wearing a helmet that came down over his face, a GI raincoat eight sizes too big, and he was shivering and shaking like I was, but letting the rain run down his face and inside his shirt collar. The man from Dana, Ind., Washington, D.C., Albuquerque, Oran, Algeria, El Guettar, and Caserta was famous now. He was widely syndicated, he had a Pulitzer Prize, but he didn't look or behave any differently.

"Have you got a drink of brandy?" he asked.

"Sure, I'll get you one in just a moment," I said.

One of the liaison officers had given me a whole case of liberated Martell that morning. But as I started to walk away, there was another tugging at my sleeve: "I hate to be obnoxious," Pyle apologized, "but if you've got that drink, I want it now. There ain't a damn thing sociable about this."

I came in pretty late and pretty wet a few nights later. It was raining again, and though I was drenched, I plopped right down on the ground inside the small wall tent and fell fast asleep. When I awoke the next morning,

I was lying in a small pool of water, and I was wetter than I seemed the night before.

Pyle was on his cot, lying on top of three inflated preservers he had picked up on Omaha Beach. He opened his eyes, propped himself up on one elbow, pulled at a wool cap he wore night and day, and gave me a sheepish grin. "You know, I'm a helluva friend. Last night when you went to sleep, I thought you'd surely catch cold. So I spread my field jacket over you, only I didn't remember until now that I wore that jacket out in the rain yesterday, and it was wetter than you were."

Usually we talked late into the night. There were German planes overhead, and there were snipers around, and nobody was anxious or able to sleep much.

Ernie talked about his days as a beginning newsman, the little things that every man remembers so clearly when he's a little lonely and a little afraid. He remembered the expense accounts he had when there weren't auditors to check them, and it tickled him to tell about the time he got away with a \$20 item for ice cream cones.

One night, while Bob Capa and Charlie Wertenbaker sat in a nearby foxhole and played a hand of gin rummy in between kibitzing with Bill Walton, we heard a whining sound over our tent. More eager to talk on than to investigate, we dismissed it lightly as a rotating band from one of our own shells and nothing to worry about. But the next morning we found we were lucky to be alive. Our harmless rotating band was part of a German 240-mm. shell.

Ernie went up to Cherbourg with Capa and Wertenbaker that day to enter the city with the advancing infantrymen of the 9th Division. He came back a little scared and awfully tired and nervous. As we sat in the tent that night, he told about an incident that puzzled him.

He had been with a platoon of GI's on the outskirts of the city crouching in a ditch close to a rather young boy, he said, when the boy all at once asked him, "Are you a correspondent?"

"Yeah," Pyle answered, keeping his head down.

And then, as though he weren't speaking to anyone at all but just reciting something by rote, the boy said, "Ernie Pyle is the GI's friend."

"I'm Ernie Pyle," he said, slightly embarrassed. But the boy looked right at him and never said another word. When he got the hand signal to move on up toward Cherbourg, he just moved out, holding his rifle at high port and running in a crouch, but he was grinning from ear to ear.

Pyle never fully understood the source of the magnetism he generated among soldiers, and the responsibility of it worried him. But it was what Gen. Bradley meant when he said, "Our soldiers always seemed to fight a little better when Ernie was around."

One morning Wertenbaker got a communiqué from his office in London to take a few days off and try to locate Pyle for an interview for a forthcoming *Time* cover story. The office didn't know that Wertenbaker happened at that very moment to be eating breakfast at Pyle's side. And like a good reporter right out of the movies Wert took out a piece of paper and pencil and said, "Tell me, Mr. Pyle, what do you eat for breakfast?"

Pyle pointed at the cold, canned cereal he was trying to choke down and said, "I eat this goddam mush just like you do."

After Paris, Ernie Pyle went home, back to the U.S.

Emotionally he had "had it," he said. Then came the revealing letters.

"Nothing especially notable has happened to me since I saw you last," he wrote, "except that I've collected two honorary degrees, been kissed by Paulette Goddard, had my teeth filled, spent the first Christmas with my wife in five years, managed to keep well stocked with booze and cigarettes, and turned down at least 2,000 requests to speak, write pieces, or just appear on the stage with my face hanging out."

It was a different life from any that Ernie had ever known. In addition to the universal fatigue of the war and the personal distress of a wife with an incurable illness, he now bore the burden of fame.

He did not realize it, of course, but by this time his only possible way of life was the agonizing way of life of the foot soldier he had left behind in Europe.

"I haven't found America much different than it used to be," he wrote. "Little things that civilians do irk you, but I'm philosophical about that and don't get too mad. I've found it hard to talk to civilians, and in public places such as trains I sort of automatically drift over to soldiers and get along fine."

The overriding factor in Ernie's life for a long time was his wife and her illness. Once, she had been his constant companion as he roamed the countryside and wrote of what they met and saw. Now her illness was a source of constant agony.

"My wife, who has been ill most of the time for years," he wrote, "was both very much better and very much worse during my time at home. For five weeks, she was in the hospital, and even I wasn't allowed to see her. Then she improved miraculously and was able to come to California with me this last time and take a look around Hollywood. She is now back in Albuquerque in a hospital for the winter, not so much because of a relapse as because of convalescent care."

Ernie became such an influential figure with the military that the services competed to have him with them. The pressure was great for him to go to the Pacific, but he wanted no part of the war out there. If he had to have war, he preferred the kind he had known in Europe.

Nevertheless, it was a matter of conscience to go, and Pyle wrote from San Francisco: "I'm on the way to the Pacific. You know I came home from war damn good and sick of it, and I'm going back still just as sick of it. The old romanticism about getting itchy feet to get back to the front is a myth as far as I am concerned. I'm hoping for a mild case of malaria or for some other likely excuse to come home."

The Pacific war was a grueling experience for Ernie. Now he was famous, and it wasn't easy for him to get to the soldiers and sailors in the manner that he had been able to reach them in North Africa and Europe. The military went to some lengths to protect him. But if he couldn't see the war, he couldn't feel it. And if he couldn't feel it, he couldn't write it. The columns didn't have the quality of the old Ernie Pyle. And he knew it.

From Guam he wrote: "I sure hated to come back into the war, and it was hell to get started writing again. I still haven't got into the swing of it yet. But I've seen no war at all in the seven weeks I've been out here. I had sworn I was never going on another landing, but it looks as though I have to if I'm going to find any war to write about."

Ernie's letters still had the sparkle and irreverence that were characteristic of all of his work.

"Your letter was here when I got back to the base from three weeks at sea with the task force. Also your booklet on the history of the division. I skimmed through it and saw you had quoted me only once, so I decided in *hauteur* not to read the damn thing."

And he kept up with those friends from the war in Europe.

"Think Bob Landry has left America to return to your front. Saw Pete Carroll's name in the news the other day, as talking back to Marlene Dietrich or something."

There were personal references to Bert Brandt, Don Whitehead, Chris Cunningham, and Lee Carson, notes about Fred Painton, John Lardner, and Clark Lee, three friends who were now in the Pacific. And there was a note for an old friend: "Tell Hal Boyle to kiss my ass."

As for his coverage of the war, it wasn't getting any better for Ernie. And he aroused, too, the ire of a great many fighting men in the Pacific with a few public references to the fact that they didn't know what the war in Europe had been like. As before, Ernie's writing mirrored what he felt. Since he was living a comparatively comfortable life, his attitude angered those who were fighting the tough Pacific island war he hadn't yet seen.

Ernie couldn't find the war. As an internationally famous correspondent, he was still being partially protected from it.

"I went on a carrier that took part in the Tokyo raids," he wrote, "but nothing whatever happened to us—thank God. I make my permanent base at Guam. I go to sea two and three weeks at a time, then back here to write

up for a couple of weeks, then out again. I'm doing the Navy this time and will be with them several months. They live wonderfully. People out here (except the Marines and a few others and the doughboys in the Philippines) have no conception whatever of what our war was like. I have to bite my tongue every now and then to keep from yelling."

He was still concerned for those in Europe.

"You must have had a bitch of a winter," he wrote. "I didn't even like to think of the boys over there. Surely it can't last very much longer over there; you'll probably beat me home. I suppose I'll be out here a year or more, if I don't get sick. But I do feel homesick for our old gang and the kind of war we know, bad as it was."

A Pyle-inspired movie was in production in Hollywood. His book *Brave Men* had had a fantastic sale.

Ernie Pyle was rich and renowned, lonely and frustrated, and displaced in the Pacific while his heart was still with the soldiers and his friends in Europe.

"Give Mistofers Capa, Wertenbaker, O'Reilly, and Belden my best," he wrote.

And the notation: "The new book has already sold nearly 900,000 copies and I'm a rich sonovabitch."

I still had that letter in my pocket when the sergeant came into the upstairs room of the German house where I was getting my things together for the move forward.

"I'm sorry to tell you, sir," he said, "but we just heard it on the radio—Ernie Pyle is dead."

He had been killed by a sniper's bullet as he lay in a ditch by the side of a road on the tiny island of Ie Shima. The date of his death was April 18, 1945. He was 44 years old. Three weeks later, the war in Europe ended. Seven months later, his wife died.

Al Chioda doesn't know all there is to know about Scandinavia...but he knows where to get it



As head of the SAS News Bureau, Al Chioda is an excellent channel into the news of Scandinavia. If you need information—about a subject, or someone to write about it or photograph it—contact him. He knows the resources of Denmark, Norway, Finland and Sweden from Kirkenes to Padborg (to say nothing of Copenhagen, Helsinki, Oslo and Stockholm).

You can reach him—and other helpful people—in New York at 138-02 Queens Blvd., Jamaica, N.Y., telephone 212-657-8000. And there are SAS news offices in Los Angeles at 8929 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, telephone 213-352-8612, in Chicago at 200 South Michigan Avenue, telephone 312-922-7710, and in Montreal at 1010 St. Catherine Street West, UUniversity 1-8315.

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